

THE DIAL

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TAKING STOCK.

It is impossible to measure the influence of a great writer upon the generation in which he lives and works. Certain outward signs there are, in the form of a traceable moulding of public opinion, as shown in the way in which his idealism becomes the acknowledged motive-power of men of action, or in the form of that discipleship which makes the individual the radiating centre of a school of influence propagating his idealism by offshoots and obviously imitative embodiments. These effects are always more or less manifest to the student of literary history and of intellectual affairs in the broader sense, but they fall far short of giving a full account of the matter. They show us the surface-flow of the current of tendency, but they leave the subtler part of its action unrevealed. For it is by its permeation of the sub-soil of human consciousness, rather than by its visible erosions, that the influence of a great writer does its lasting work, making possible some unexpected and rich new product of human sympathy or enlightenment. We recall what Lowell once said of Emerson: "To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives." We think also of the example of Cervantes, who "smiled Spain's chivalry away," when he seemed to be doing no more than provide entertainment for his readers, and of Milton, who steeled the forces of puritanism for their warfare of spirit against sense, when he seemed to be engaged only in the poetical elaboration of an outworn mythology, and of Mazzini, who raised Italy from the dead, when he seemed merely to be plotting against principalities and powers in the ordinary way of revolutionary politics.

Such influences as these are slowly exerted, and it is a long while before their results are declared. They work, for the most part, upon minds without articulate power, upon the impressionable minds of the young, quietly but potently, until the time ripens for their translation into deed. When that time comes, the outcome is apt to be surprising, for it is the resultant of innumerable spiritual forces, singly insignificant perhaps, but collectively irresistible.

tible, because all are exerted in the same general direction and toward the accomplishment of the same general purpose. We believe that the chief service done by a great writer for his fellow-men is that of thus fitting for action the generation that is growing up, of quickening the sympathies and clarifying the thoughts of the young, who will later have the shaping of the world in their own hands. And this incalculable power to stimulate the imagination and strengthen the will of adolescent humanity is immensely heightened by the fact that it proceeds from a living being, from a voice that issues, not from the tomb, but from a breathing organ of human speech. It is true that the voice must make its appeal to nearly all who heed it through the medium of the printed page, but as long as it is known to be the utterance of a man among men it has from that very fact an added force. The reader who heeds it cannot forget that it is within the bounds of possibility that some favored hour may bring him into the presence of its possessor, to be thrilled by its actual accents, and warmed by the glow of the living personality which is its setting. That faculty of hero-worship which is the attribute of all generous young souls instinctively demands the concrete embodiment of its object; it is a tribute that loses much of its natural ardor when paid to a phantasm.

The sum of all these reflections is that the world is made rich in a very special sense by the great writers who are living in it, and that no heritage of past glories can prevent humanity from seeming impoverished when its intellectual leaders cease from their labors. The observation is especially pertinent just now, when the last leaf has fallen from the tree of genius that flourished so luxuriantly a generation ago, and when the world must face the fact that the accounts of a great literary epoch are practically closed. For it is the simple truth that there is no writer now anywhere alive who is the peer of the half-dozen who have adorned the past decade, or of the score or more who have made splendid the literary annals of the past thirty years. Just as in a commercial enterprise, the first month or so of the new year is needed to settle up the affairs of the old, and prepare its balance-sheet, so in the large matters of a century's intellectual business, it takes about a decade of the new century to clear up the accounts of the old, and make it possible to estimate the achievement of the hundred-year.

Upon this occasion, then, when the twentieth century is just ten years on its way, it may not

be unprofitable to take stock in the literary world, to reckon up our quick assets, and to set down what may seem advisable to the score of profit and loss. Some unsettled accounts there must needs be, some overlapping activities, for centuries are artificial periods, after all, and the *Weltgeist* reckons little of them. Still, the line between the nineteenth century, which we know in full, and the twentieth, the developments of which we may only surmise, is rather more definitely drawn than is often the case with such arbitrary divisions, and the old stock (to recur to our previous figure) is pretty well disposed of, while we hardly know as yet what are the wares that will take its place upon our shelves.

Among the losses of the recent past we think of such great men as Tolstoy, Björnson, Ibsen, Carducci, and Swinburne. Casting our eyes a score of years yet farther back, we have the vision of such men as Tourguénieff, Auerbach, Freytag, Hugo, Renan, Taine, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Morris, Arnold, Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and Whitman. This is a cursory retrospect only; a more particular one would disclose other losses comparable with many of these. But it suffices for our purpose, which is merely to show clearly that we now live in an age comparatively poverty-stricken as to the richer personalities of literature, and seemingly incapable of holding aloft the torch so long held alight by those giant runners in the race. It is a condition too obvious to call for demonstration; the youth who in 1880 faced the future might count upon the living spiritual guidance of such men as the youth of 1910 look for in vain along the line of the literary horizon. Can it prove possible that these latter-day youth, when they in turn shall have rounded their half-century, will be able to look back during their own lives upon anything like our array of great nineteenth-century figures?

Let us make a comparative and somewhat more detailed survey of the situation. For Russia, we have, in the place of Tourguénieff and Tolstoy, only such men as Andréieff and Gorky. For the Scandinavian countries, we have, in place of Björnson and Ibsen and Drachmann and Rydberg, only such men as Hamsun and Brandes and Strindberg. The case of Germany is better, for the veterans Heyse and Spielhagen remain, and with them there are the younger figures of Hauptmann and Sudermann and Frenssen. But the case of France is depressing, since we may hardly

find substitutes for Hugo and Renan and Taine in such men as Rostand and Anatole France, even throwing in Maeterlinck (as a writer in French) for good measure. And it would be foolish even to hint that any living Italian — say d'Annunzio or Fogazzaro — could be held a worthy successor of Carducci. Spain, indeed, offers us Galdós and Echegaray, fairly equivalent to the best of their predecessors, and Poland makes a finer showing with Sienkiewicz than it could boast at an earlier age. The greatest figure among English men of letters now living is undoubtedly that of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the sole survivor of the company of his peers — and more than peers — who stood shoulder to shoulder thirty years ago. The case of America is the most discouraging of all. We admire such men as Mr. Howells and Mr. James, and hold them in our deepest affection, but they hardly fill the places of the poets we have lately lost — Stedman and Aldrich and Moody — and not at all the places of such seers and singers as Emerson and Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell.

Now that our hurried stock-taking is over, and we are facing the essential facts of world-activity in literature at the present day, we cannot feel altogether cheerful about the situation. The feeling does not arise merely from the fact that the list of the great recently departed vastly outweighs the list of the best that the world of the living has to offer. This fact in itself would be sufficient cause for serious reflection, and we are made still more serious when we compare the two lists more specifically, thinking of the contrast between the two sets of men in the matter of style and the general power of expression, in the matter of intellectual authority, and in the matter of moral weight. When we reinforce the comparison by taking into account the lesser writers, past and present — the men who, while not individually of the first rank, are perhaps collectively more representative of their respective periods than the men of towering genius — we have a still more depressing sense of the general lowering of standards. More often than not, we are offered preciosity and strained effort in the place of style, flippant superficiality as a substitute for wisdom, and a materialistic or hedonistic attitude toward the great problems of conduct instead of a reverent recognition of the moral law and glad submission to its behests. What poets of our day could say with Dante

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace,"

what opportunist philosophers could be sharers of Spinoza's sublime faith in the good, of Kant's

awe in contemplation of man's imperious inner instinct of righteousness?

Yet we may, after all, take heart when we think of the familiar saying about the darkest hour and the dawn, or when we recall Schopenhauer's confutation of the counsels of despair. "Die Quelle, aus der die Individuen und ihre Kräfte fliessen, ist unerschöpflich und unendlich wie Zeit und Raum . . . Jene unendliche Quelle kann kein endliches Maass erschöpfen: daher steht jeder im Keime erstickten Begebenheit, oder Werk, zur Wiederkehr noch immer die unverminderte Unendlichkeit offen." There may be prophets even now growing up among us, in the most adverse environment, who are destined in days to come to hold the world's ear no less compulsively than the greatest of those whose recent loss seems to have left us so strangely bereft of inspiring guidance.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHER'S TASK, like that of the lexicographer, the index-maker, the compiler of almanacs, and many another fashioner of the tools used by other workers in literature or science, is a rather cheerless one. A consciousness of duty performed must often be the chief if not the only reward. In turning the leaves of the latest issue of "The Bulletin of the Bibliographical Society of America," which contains an appended list of "American Bibliographical Publications" and one of "Bibliographies of Bibliographies," one cannot but admire the zeal and self-devotion displayed in the compilation of many of the learned but very restrictedly useful works there mentioned. For example, what return in fame or fortune can be hoped for by the author of a bibliography of writings on parapsychism and hypophysis in the brain of the alligator, or by the enthusiastic aurist who has laboriously compiled a "partial bibliography of recent papers relating to the Eustachian tube"? A little better chance for popular recognition seems probable in the case of another bibliographer who has interested himself in the literature relating to "meals for school-children" and has drawn up a list of references. And when we come to the subject of aeronautics we find ourselves in a domain comparatively rich in appeal to the average reader. A "Bibliography of Aeronautics," from the pen of Mr. P. Brockett, and published by the Smithsonian Institution, is described as reaching to the rather surprising length of nine hundred and fifty-four pages. But not one of these special bibliographical lists can be compared in dryness and technicality with the bibliographies of bibliographies, twenty-five of which are named in the "Bulletin." Especially admirable in these respects is M. Léon Vallée's "Bibliographie des Bibliographies," containing, with its supplement, more than

eleven hundred pages. Another monumental work in the same department is the great "Bibliographie paléographico-diplomatique-bibliographique générale," in two volumes, by P. Namur, published at Liège in 1838. In good truth, there seems to be no sort of book, however remote from ordinary human interests, that cannot be written if one will but follow Johnson's example in the making of his dictionary, and set oneself doggedly to it. Nevertheless, it is not likely that bibliography will ever be one of the crowded professions.

AN ECCENTRIC AND ASCETIC CLASSICAL SCHOLAR, of vast learning and striking originality, was removed from our corporeal vision in the recent death of Professor J. E. B. Mayor, of the University of Cambridge. Best known to the world of letters by his *magnum opus*, his erudite edition of Juvenal, he was known to his friends as a vegetarian, a teetotaler, a bachelor recluse, a lover of old authors, and the possessor of one of the finest libraries in Cambridge, all bought with the money saved on food, as he took pride in declaring. On his semi-starvation diet, which he succeeded in bringing down as low as twopence a day, he reached the ripe age of eighty-five and over, having in the strenuous days of his editorial labors on Juvenal proved to his own satisfaction that the less he ate the better he could work. It was only medical intervention that cut short a rather prolonged period of no eating at all. Omniscience was his foible, and he could quote from the classics in a way that might have made old Robert Burton turn green with envy. The specialization of modern science he had small regard for, holding that the man of science could not see life steadily and see it whole. He was fond of lecturing, being a frequent speaker at the Victoria Institute, in London, and he was a pulpit orator of marked originality. His studies in Juvenal of the luxury and corruption of Rome had led him, his friends averred, to adopt the simple life; but he himself denied that even in the worst days of the Empire the Romans were any more addicted to luxury than some modern nations. Whatever the cause, he adopted a mode of life that made him a singularly interesting and attractive figure in the university world in which he lived.

THE HEROIC END OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL PERIODICAL is chronicled in an open letter from Mr. C. D. Spivak, 240-242 Metropolitan Building, Denver, Colorado, addressed "to medical librarians and all booklovers." The periodical in question died game, as the following extracts from the letter will show. "The year 1898 will be known in the annals of medicine by an epoch-making event. In that year 'Medical Libraries,' a bi-monthly publication devoted to the interests of medical libraries, first saw the light of day in the city of Denver. For several years it made its irregular and spasmodic appearance, and closed its career in a blaze of glory, A.D. 1902. Its circulation reached the astounding num-

ber of 120. What it lacked in quantity it made up in quality. Among its admirers, subscribers, and contributors it counted the foremost librarians of the day—[here a brilliant galaxy of names]. Now comes the proud editor and publisher of said defunct periodical and offers to send to all medical librarians and to all who are interested in freak medical journalism, complete sets of vols. 2, 3, and 4, and incomplete sets of vols. 1 and 5, for the asking. All the said sad editor asks in return is that these, his dear departed ones, be reverently laid out, decently shrouded, adequately coffined, properly epitaphed, securely inhumed, and be unostentatiously gathered unto their fathers in God's acre. He devoutly and prayerfully hopes for their resurrection." Who now will give these "dear departed ones" a reposeful abiding place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest?

THE BY-PRODUCTS OF DR. HENRY VAN DYKE'S INDUSTRY as preacher and teacher, which have mostly taken the form of poems, essays, short stories, and chapters on religion and ethics, are so considerable in volume that all sorts of extravagant estimates have been formed concerning the annual amount received by him in royalties on his more than thirty volumes of prose and verse. Probably his revenue from this source has now become sufficiently large to render his salary as professor of English literature at Princeton not exactly indispensable to him, and to make irresistibly inviting the prospect of a life free from the irksomeness of regular lectures, weekly faculty meetings, and stated examinations. At any rate the published report of his resignation from the chair which he has held since 1900—most of that time in connection with the pastorate of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York—need not greatly surprise the world, and to his readers the announcement will bring hope and expectation of an even more rapid succession of books from his pen than hitherto. In enumerating the activities of this versatile pastor-professor, one should not fail to mention his appointment as American lecturer at the University of Paris in 1908-9, when he chose for his subject "Le génie de l'Amérique" and, incidentally, disappointed some of his admirers by not, as they thought, making the most of his opportunity. It will be interesting to note what effect his greater leisure will have on his literary productivity.

AN AGE OF REASON IN LIBRARY MANAGEMENT was entered upon, in this country at least, as long ago as the formation of the American Library Association—at the centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence. The mediæval chaining of books and the much more recently prevalent jealous suspicion of library visitors and readers have in our own times given way to cordial and trustful relations between library administrators and library users. In the latest issue of the "Brooklyn Public Library Handbook" one notes approvingly

the extreme liberality with which that library is conducted. Its privileges are open to "any resident of Greater New York or any non-resident in business in the city." Its travelling libraries are delivered free of all expense to any society, club, charitable institution, or similar organization, within the Borough. The library and all its branches are open for the circulation of books every day in the year. Works in several volumes are counted as single books and are lent as such. Special cards, entitling the holder to six books at a time in addition to the two books obtainable on the regular card, are issued to teachers, students, and others engaged in special study. Vacation privileges are liberal. Books for the blind are "delivered through the mail to the nearest Branch Post Office free of charge, and may be returned in the same way." One remnant of bureaucratic unreason, however, still lingers in this admirably administered institution: "No book will be exchanged on the same day on which it is taken out, unless a mistake has been made by the Library assistant." (But "a book may be returned at any time," which is well.) The defense of this regulation is plausible enough, but the fact that some very busy libraries, including the Boston Public Library, permit as frequent exchanges as the borrower wishes, tends greatly to weaken its force. The vigorous growth of the Brooklyn library since its small beginnings of thirteen years ago speaks volumes (some six hundred thousand, we believe) for the wisdom and efficiency of its management.

THE INCREASING DIGNITY OF COLLEGE JOURNALISM manifests itself from time to time in noteworthy ways, and rejoices those who see in the student periodical a most valuable and efficient school of authorship as well as an institution for the training of administrative and business talent in the publishing field. Not long ago one of the Harvard undergraduate publications (the "Lampoon," we believe) erected a fine building for its own use and moved into it with appropriate ceremonies; and now word comes of the incorporation of the Daily Princetonian Publishing Company, with Mr. Charles Scribner, of the class of '75, Mr. Bayard Stockton, '72, and three members of the senior class, constituting a board of directors, and Dr. Woodrow Wilson, '79, Mr. Robert Bridges, '79, and Mr. Andrew C. Imbrie, '95, as further members of the corporation. The purpose of the incorporating act is to establish a fixed policy for this student daily and to give it the benefit of advisory aid and support from a certain number of directors chosen out of the alumni.

EMIL REICH, HISTORIAN, ESSAYIST, AND OPTIMIST, Hungarian by birth, cosmopolitan in culture and tastes, and a most stimulating writer on a great variety of subjects, died in London the 11th of December. After receiving his academic training at Prague, Budapest, and Vienna, he devoted himself to that self-education which is the beginning of real wisdom, and which he hoped to acquire for him-

self in the great libraries of the world. But by the time he was thirty years old he decided that for the true comprehension of history, his chosen study, something besides books was necessary; but he started on those travels which brought him to this country for a five-years' sojourn, and thence turned him toward France for another four years, and to England for twelve, in the course of which he lectured frequently at Oxford, Cambridge, and in London, and was employed by the British government in the preparation of the Venezuela boundary case. His published writings are many, but we shall name here only his "Hungarian Literature," "History of Civilization," "General History," "Foundations of Modern Europe," "Success among Nations," "Plato as an Introduction to Modern Life," and "Success in Life." A breezy, buoyant, optimistic tone characterizes his work and has contributed not a little to his success in letters and in life.

THE NEWARK MUSEUM ASSOCIATION, which has issued its First Annual Report, was organized in the spring of 1909 "to establish in the City of Newark, New Jersey, a Museum for the reception and exhibition of articles of art, science, history and technology, and for the encouragement of the study of the arts and sciences." Incorporated under the laws of a State that has sanctioned the incorporation of many less beneficent societies, the Newark Museum Association has begun its educational and uplifting work by opening rooms in the city library building, under the active supervision of the librarian, Mr. John Cotton Dana, for the free exhibition of permanent and loan collections of paintings and other art objects, and of such other articles as may properly find a place in the cases and on the shelves of a museum. This movement for increasing the usefulness of Newark's fine, large library building in every legitimate way calls to mind the similar educational activities entered upon years ago by the City Library Association of Springfield, Mass., where, as it happens, Mr. Dana was librarian immediately before his call to Newark, and where a handsome white marble structure has just been added to the library-museum group of buildings. It seems not unlikely that New Jersey may be here somewhat indebted to Massachusetts for a valuable suggestion. Mr. Dana, we note, is the secretary of the board of trustees of the new association.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE HELLENISTS AT OXFORD, in the recent vote of the Congregation to retain compulsory Greek, after a year of discussion as to the advisability of yielding to the "practical" trend of education and abolishing the prescribed study of the noblest of literatures, will rejoice all true friends to the cause of letters. The Oxford action is of world-wide interest and will exert world-wide influence. Especially will the English-speaking world take note of this momentous decision of a long-vexed question, and will pause in its impetuous eagerness

to substitute what it imagines to be pecuniarily gainful studies in the place of what it is disposed to regard as the mere frills and foolish adornments of elegant culture. Professor Gilbert Murray, it is interesting to learn, favors a certain degree of relaxation in Greek requirements, and would have the schools of science and mathematics relieved from the compulsory study of that language. Further, in answer to the gibe that Greek is a class badge, "So, a short time ago was French," he says, "and, a short time before that, the alphabet. We want Greek to be a class badge no longer." This Oxford decision, retaining Greek and thus causing its retention in the secondary schools, will tend greatly to prevent its soon becoming a mere class badge.

TO DISCOURAGE BOOK-STEALING from libraries any helpful suggestion cannot fail to be always welcome. From Lewiston, Maine, there comes, through the columns of "Public Libraries," an ingenious and original plan for the diminution of unregistered book-borrowing. The librarian at Lewiston writes that with a circulation of about sixty thousand volumes an annual loss of more than one hundred and seventy-five from the open shelves had been sadly noted, until the following preventive device was adopted: "Into the card-pocket in the back of each book is thrust a long card of some brilliant-colored stiff cardboard which extends two inches or so beyond the cover when the book is closed. These cards are stamped conspicuously with consecutive numbers, thereby keeping tally and suggesting method to the borrowers. They also bear the request stamped with rubber type, 'Please exchange this card at the desk.' . . . The long cards effectually prevent anyone from forgetting to register his book, and their vivid color renders them so conspicuous that he hesitates to dispose of them if he is not entirely alone." This plan has so far worked admirably at Lewiston. For further details see the December number of the above-named periodical.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EDITORIAL RECORD has been made, in his busy life of letters, by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, better known, before his knighthood of this year, as Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. From a speech of his published in "The British Weekly," of which he has long been editor, it appears that in the omniscience and omnipotence of his early prime—that is, in the year 1886, when he must have been about thirty-six years old—he undertook the editorship of some half-dozen periodicals at the same time. They included "The British Weekly," "The Bookman," "The Expositor," "Woman at Home," and certain other publications issued by the book-publishing house with which he is still connected. That he is now content to drive a team of fewer horses may indicate that with advancing years he has become a wiser even though not a sadder man. A continuation and publication

of these literary reminiscences of a remarkably busy and successful literary man would gratify his wide circle of readers.

LIBRARY BOOKS BY SPECIAL DELIVERY may now be had from the St. Louis Public Library, which has made arrangements with the Missouri District Telegraph Co. to send books by its messenger boys to such card-holders as care to avail themselves of this service. The charge for delivery or return of books within the city limits varies according to distance from ten to sixty cents, and covers simply the cost of carriage. If the innovation meets with favor, the library may institute a messenger service of its own and thus considerably reduce the cost to the card-holder; but such mode of delivery will probably never become inexpensive enough to be other than an emergency service. Strictly speaking, this is really no innovation in the library world. For many years the Philadelphia Library, a semi-public institution, has employed district telegraph messengers to deliver and bring back books, at the member's expense and upon his request. And many other libraries must have had more or less frequent recourse to the same convenient service.

COMMUNICATION.

LINCOLN AS A STATESMAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the review of Goldwin Smith's "Reminiscences," in your issue of December 16, Mr. Smith is commended for his freedom from the "popular rage" with regard to Lincoln on the ground that "Lincoln's chief merit lay in his unflinching honesty." The reviewer maintains that Lincoln was not a statesman, and did not even have an appreciation of the effect of his own position, in its national as well as inter-national bearings. He says: "He [Lincoln] entertained the apologetic and partial reasons which occupied public attention and concealed in part the true force of events. The working classes in England had a more thoroughly correct view of the war than most Americans. The question was not whether we should allow another nation to spring up on the soil of the United States, but whether a slave-holding nation should establish itself at our side with exacting and hostile claims."

In 1858, in the well-known debates, Lincoln laid the basis of his position in a scriptural principle that defeated him for the United States Senate that year and elected him President two years later. That principle found its first great impulse, under our government, in Webster's and Corwin's opposition to the Mexican War's development into a greed for "more space." But neither Webster nor Corwin, appreciating as they did the effect of more territory as a menace to fratricidal strife, dared recognize the real condition of the State as Lincoln did. And while Seward announced the "irrepressible conflict," Lincoln saw in the conflict a principle beyond: *this nation could not endure, one-half free and one-half slave*. This found utterance in 1858. And here we have what our reviewer says Lincoln should have appreciated and did not. When the war came, his position as President was, to obey the Consti-

tution, suppress the rebellion, defend the union, preserve the government. The war developed the opportunity to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation without violating the Constitution. Lincoln was not a soldier; he was a statesman.

Lincoln never believed "a slave-holding nation should establish itself at our side with exacting and hostile claims." He warned us that, if it did, that nation would either absorb the nation to the north or be absorbed by it. The states would continue to be one household, even though a new house must be built and new regulations adopted.

Further, Lincoln announced a principle of statesmanship in 1859, applying it to the impassioned conditions then existing, which any student of Lincoln, contemplating him as detached from the "indiscriminate laudation" that sees little but his honesty or his Republicanism, cannot but appreciate in a Lincoln attitude towards the impassioned conditions uppermost in our present political agitations. This principle appears in a letter of April 6, 1859, declining an invitation to speak at a Thomas Jefferson Birthday function in Boston. The entire letter should be read to appreciate the force of the principle. That principle is that man must be considered above the dollar. It is truer now than it was then: "It is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation."

Littérateurs can profit by a sane study of Lincoln's type of mind and style of expression as much as can those property-intoxicated Republicans who seek justification for their policies and methods by a use of the magic name of Lincoln as a Republican. In the preface to Emerson's "Parnassus," the seer says that poetry teaches the enormous force of a few words. Poetry teaches this as much by its enormous waste of words as it does by its occasional use of a unique word or phrase or verse that charms the ear or mind forever. Lincoln teaches the meaning of a few words as poetry cannot. There must always, of necessity, be more waste than wisdom in versifying. But Lincoln was brief, and his words, "candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought." Time cannot change their fundamental value to any student of organized society. His Gettysburg address said what was most needed to be said. And it is fortunate that it was said in a "perfectly simple and straightforward way." And, strange as it may seem, the literary quality of pathos is here in its sombre beauty as I have not seen it noticed by the "critics," as it is not in much of his more lauded expressions.

One word more. We should cease trying to hammer honesty into the exquisite natures of our budding men in their childhood by the use of the names of Lincoln and Washington. It is as childish for grown-up men to do this as it is to do that other childish thing that Lincoln ridiculed,—doing things "under the party lash that they would not on any account or for any consideration do otherwise." Talk to the children about Lincoln's *strenuousness* more and his honesty less and we will appreciate the force of honesty more,—will realize that he who is single-minded can see what humor meant to Lincoln, and in the new light will feel a new patience and faith, helpful to our children, helpful to our pens, helpful to our citizenship, because we have been born again in new minds as well as hearts.

CHAS. M. STREET.

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 23, 1910.

The New Books.

LAFCADIO HEARN'S LAST LETTERS.*

The profound impression made by the publication, four years ago, of "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" is deepened and strengthened by the printing of another volume of his letters. Those now given to the world were, for the most part, written to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain of the Imperial Japanese University, a friend for whom Hearn felt high respect and warm affection. They form a connected series extending from early in 1890, when Hearn first arrived in Japan, to the latter part of 1894. In them he poured out his inmost thoughts, feeling sure of intellectual sympathy whatever might be the subject that happened to engage his attention at the moment.

The charm of these letters is manifold. The wide range that they cover is remarkable, and especially so considering the isolated life that Hearn led. A mind so keenly alive as his and so extraordinarily sensitive would have found food for thought in any environment. That he should crave novelty is not strange. Nor is it cause for wonder that the shyness that held him aloof when in personal contact with his fellows should have as its correlative poignant longing for companionship with friends whom he could recognize as his intellectual equals. Such companionship Professor Chamberlain gave him. In return he let few days pass during the years of his residence in Matsue and Kumamoto without a chat with him on paper.

These outpourings are the fruit of a mind surcharged with thought and impelled by inner necessity to its expression. With delightful absence of self-consciousness the writer tells of the happenings about him, comments upon the curious lore he has picked up, and describes lovely scenes he has chanced upon in his wanderings. From these he turns to thoughts suggested by books he has read, or evoked by memories of past experiences of men and things. Now he discourses upon Balzac and Zola, then upon gothic architecture, or the utility of superstition, or the impermanence of opinions, and anon he recalls a dramatic episode about a Polish brigade in the Franco-Prussian war. Again he is captivated by some Japanese folk-tale, or provoked by the stupidity of the missionaries, or concerned with the rhymes in Provençal

*THE JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited, with an introduction, by Elizabeth Bisland. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

poetry. But whatever his theme he never fails to exemplify his ideas about letter writing.

"What you say about letters that *coulent de source* I feel strong sympathy with for two reasons. In the first place letters not spontaneous give one the notion that the writer feels a certain distrust in abandoning his thoughts to paper, and consequently has not toward his friend that perfect feeling which casts out fear. The second is that the receiver is also forced into a certain constraint and artificialness in his replies;—then the matter becomes a mere drudgery. Of course there are other cases,—such as the very curious one you suggest, which I take to be ruled by a sort of æsthetic formality,—the reluctance of the artist to be for a moment in-artistic, like Théophile Gautier answering a reproach about not writing by the phrase: 'Ask a carpenter to plane a few planks for fun.'"

It is easy to see how this phrase of Gautier's must have amused Hearn, for writing was his chief recreation as well as his life work. His letters to his friends were written with the utmost ease and pleasure. His books, on the contrary, were the product of unremitting effort. "I never write," he confessed to Professor Chamberlain, in a letter describing his method of work, "without painfully forcing myself to it." Every page was rewritten at least four or five times, and one much admired paragraph was recast no less than seventeen times before he could accept it as an adequate vehicle for the expression of his thought. "Composition becomes difficult only when it becomes work,—that is literary labour without a strong inspirational impulse or an emotional feeling behind it." Being written without any expectation that they would ever be printed, his letters have less refined subtlety of phrase than his books, but neither this quality nor that of style is wanting, and they have also the directness and vivacity of the sketches of a master painter. In them his delight in the "physiognomical beauty" of words—to quote his own phrase—finds full vent. Professor Chamberlain's condemnation of the use of Japanese words in Hearn's books called forth this outburst:

"For me words have colour, form, character; they have faces, ports, manners, gesticulations; they have moods, humours, eccentricities;—they have tints, tones, personalities. That they are unintelligible makes no difference at all. Whether you are able to speak to a stranger or not, you can't help being impressed by his appearance sometimes,—by his dress,—by his air,—by his exotic look. He is also unintelligible, but not a whit less interesting. Nay! he is interesting BECAUSE he is unintelligible. I won't cite other writers who have felt this same way about African, Chinese, Arabian, Hebrew, Tartar, Indian and Basque words,—I mean novelists and sketch writers.

"To such it has been justly observed:—'The readers do not feel as you do about words. They can't be supposed to know that you think the letter A is blush-

crimson, and the letter E pale sky-blue. They can't be supposed to know that you think KH wears a beard and a turban; that initial X is a mature Greek with wrinkles; or that "—no—" has an innocent, lovable, and childlike aspect.' All this is true from the critic's standpoint. But from ours, the standpoint of—

The dreamer of dreams
To whom what is and what seems
Is often one and the same,—

To us the idea is thus:—

"Because people cannot see the colour of words, the tints of words, the secret ghostly motions of words:—

"Because they cannot hear the whispering of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the dream-flutes and dream-drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words:—

"Because they cannot perceive the pouting of words, the frowning and fuming of words, the weeping, the raging and racketing and rioting of words:—

"Because they are insensible to the phosphorescing of words, the fragrance of words, the noisomeness of words, the tenderness or hardness, the dryness or juiciness of words;—the interchange of values in the gold, the silver, the brass, and the copper of words:—

"Is that any reason why we should not try to make them hear, to make them see, to make them feel? Surely one who has never heard Wagner, cannot appreciate Wagner without study! Why should the people not be forcibly introduced to foreign words, as they were introduced to tea and coffee and tobacco?

"Unto which the friendly reply is,—'Because they won't buy your book, and you won't make any money.'

"And I say:—'Surely I have never yet made, and never expect to make any money. Neither do I expect to write ever for the multitude. I write for beloved friends who can see colour in words, can smell the perfume of syllables in blossom, can be shocked with the fine elfish electricity of words. And in the eternal order of things, words will eventually have their rights recognized by the people.'

Notwithstanding his love for the mere abstract sound of words, Hearn was too much of an artist in their use and too clear a thinker to find satisfaction in the sound if there were even a suspicion of failure to convey the precise shade of meaning intended. The qualities he perceived in them existed for him because he recognized the possibility of portraying the most intangible and evanescent nuances, because he felt their power of suggestion, of connotation, of poetic imagery more convincing than direct statement. Yet he realized also the value of simplicity. "After attempting my utmost at ornamentation," he wrote, "I am converted by my own mistakes. The great point is to touch with simple words."

The letters printed in this volume reflect the varying moods of the writer. The pendulum swings first this way and then that. As he himself says, "they are certainly a record of illusion and disillusion." So many are the themes touched upon that a dozen extracts would not suffice to give an idea of their variety and inter-

est. There is a great deal in them about Japan and the Japanese, but much less on the whole than one would expect to find. He was, however, addressing those who knew Japan better than he did, and the thing that most frequently crops out is his detestation of "the frank selfishness, the apathetic vanity, the shallow vulgar scepticism of the New Japan that prates its contempt about Tempo times, and ridicules the dear old men of the pre-meiji era."

Mrs. Wetmore's preface and introduction are devoted to a warm appreciation of Hearn as a man and a writer, and to an impassioned vindication of her friend from the aspersions cast upon him by the circulation of what she stigmatizes as "unveracious legends" about his early life. "Among the legends," she tells us, "is a great deal of fanciful nonsense wrapped up in the technical verbiage of the specialist, which always daunts and convinces the ignorant." On the facts as related by her she makes out a good *prima facie* case. But Hearn's readers will not need this testimony. For them the nobility of his character shines forth in his writings. Mrs. Wetmore does not overstate the truth when she asserts that "his preoccupation with all visible fairness is the most salient character of his genius, and a careful study of his books and of his great mass of letters will show that he is singularly free from all grossness—not once in any word of his, written or printed, is found the leer of the ape, the repulsive grin of the satyr." Grapes are not gathered from thorns. The significant quality in all of Hearn's writings is the mental and moral uplift. As happily phrased by his biographer: "To those who can see no purpose in giving one's whole life to attain artistic excellence in the expression of thought and emotion Lafcadio Hearn's personality will convey no meaning. But those capable of being touched and stirred by such a nature will brush away the 'impertinences' and find inspiration and stimulus in the personality of Lafcadio Hearn."

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

CULTURE AND BUSINESS.*

With praiseworthy directness, and on regrettable paper, Mr. Crane assembles all his resources for an annihilating assault upon all kinds of higher schooling for young men who have to make their own living and who expect to pursue

*THE UTILITY OF ALL KINDS OF HIGHER SCHOOLING. An Investigation. By R. T. Crane. Chicago: Published by the Author.

a commercial or industrial career. No one can read the entire book without getting the impression of wholesome independence and of a blunt and business-like purpose of going straight at the facts as the author grasps them. I take strong exception to Mr. Crane's statement, "I shall receive neither the thanks nor the sympathy of the college clique for this investigation," for every friend of culture must welcome all the light which can be thrown upon the seamy side of our educational system: would to God there were less of truth in these indictments! Here, for example, is the charge that our colleges are exerting an influence in the direction of "hedging" and away from frankness; while nothing less than fatal, if true, is the accusation that "educated people take just as much interest in worldly matters as others." Is it worth while to pay attention to this sort of challenge? If I read the signs rightly, I think we'd better!

Like Lord Byron, whose "young mind was sacrificed to books," enormous numbers of our best youth, in Mr. Crane's opinion, are being condemned to miserable failure by our academic practices. Not only is the author quite right in his opinion that the atmosphere of most American colleges is charged with little of the seriousness of business, but there are a good many other weak points which might equally well be noticed. Comparing the English universities, we must bitterly lament the paralysis of the American student's personal interest in governmental and other high responsibilities; even worse is the charge, which might sometimes be laid against our universities, of capitulation to barbarism and impiety, their ill-bestowed hospitality toward those who show no allegiance to supreme values. Our higher schools often harbor a set of students whose doings might better be the subject of consideration by that publication of the Carnegie Institution which presents Contributions to the Study of the Behavior of Lower Organisms; after years of toleration, specimens whom no amount of currying can ever groom are turned forth to become leaders of Philistinism, High-priests of the Unimportant. The acceptance of size as the canon of efficiency is nothing short of wicked.

While we pay full tribute to the author's candor, we are not without disturbing suspicions that his dialectic method is not quite impeccable: certain definite statements are deficient in complete accuracy, as when he attributes to the president of Yale (page 322) a well-known remark of the distinguished governor-elect of New Jersey. His way of collecting facts, by

a series of peremptory categorical questions, would be more convincing were it not for his sovereign unconcern in brushing aside the preponderance of the direct evidence submitted; those who take pains to answer seem too prevalently "evasive," or "prejudiced," or "liars." Yielding to none in our welcome of a publication which is announced as a "live wire," we must still regret to see it spluttering useless sparks and at times endangering the connections of its trolley. One statement, at least, I believe to be cruelly unjust: "College men are seldom found to be conspicuous in the great moral questions affecting the welfare and happiness of mankind." The author's concession in favor of a universal grammar-school course would seem arbitrary in logic,—at least to some of my best Greek and Italian friends residing on Halsted Street, Chicago. I feel sure that if letters had been addressed to a hundred of the leading business men, they would have given strong testimony to their conviction that there is "nothing in it" when it comes to cutting off the potential wages which a normal child could earn at shoe-blackening parlors or news-stands. Many of them go back to the alphabetic felicities of "a time when we had little of it," and have small opinion of any betterment of the race by such conventional sophistications as reading and writing. A year in the business itself, or in some wage-paying factory, they pretend, is worth for their purposes any three years in a public grammar-school. Interpreter Kelly reports that the Alaskan Eskimos, who have as yet seen no outsider who can equal them in fishing and shore-whaling, assert stoutly that the whole tribe of white men is "*ilualok*" or "unfit for anything."

The author frankly delimits his cultural confession by the following definition: "By education I mean knowing important things." Yet even when we reduce the whole problem to these simple terms, organized scholarship still offers the only way by which to discover and hold in check the infinitely expanding body of facts. Even "the fellow with the flying-machine bug, and the person attacked by the archaeological germ" (page 227) have a way of showing themselves not in the least contemptible in the estimate of our race. Mr. Crane is now and then generously inconsistent to the bald and utilitarian doctrine which he preaches, as when he is lenient enough to imply an approval of some "general education," apart from professional studies, in the case of physicians. The man who covers only his own field never does

quite cover it,—the web of human relations is too intricate for that,—and the educated man must be quick to infer the larger whole from a concrete symbol. The rise of Germany and the rapid progress of Japan are victories for the professor; the significant generals of our Civil War were trained at West Point; our State universities are making investigations which will result in saving millions of dollars to farmers who have been paying from four to ten times as much as they ought to do for plant-food. The average net earnings of an acre of wheat amount to less than eight dollars an acre, which the information gained at the University of Illinois increases by more than twenty dollars an acre. Mr. Crane's nihilistic skepticism reaches a point of simplicity which is no less than pathetic, and makes one wish to cover, rather than indelicately expose, the touching and childlike innocence of such statements as "A teacher can tell his pupils nothing more than they can find for themselves in the books"; "every feature of the farming industry was thoroughly understood long before agricultural colleges were started"; "as all libraries have the various subjects tabulated, I can see no reason [this is credible] why persons desiring any special knowledge cannot be placed in the way of finding it by the librarians."

But one cannot discuss with heart-felt interest a book whose scope ends at a point a long way this side of where the handling of so supremely vital a matter as education should begin. This plausible and crepitant work never comes within range of the thing which matters most to a lover of his kind. It has frankly to do with financial success as a goal. "Start with the boy, and make your own help"; "the only thing that interests business men is whether a man understands their business and can promote it"; "breadth and theories are just what the young man does not need for business success"; "can a foreman do his work better if he be on intimate speaking terms with the azimuth?" It is simply impertinent to set up as a final norm the standards of the Chicago market-place, a centre of hustling and bustling activities, but hardly a place which has done much to

"Give to barrows, trays and pans
Grace and glimmer of romance;
Bring the moonlight into noon,
Hid in gleaming piles of stone;
On the city's paved street
Plant gardens lined with lilacs sweet."

However forcible the putting of Mr. Crane's contention may be, it is far too individualistic and self-centered. Conceding, if need be, all

that he would prove, and more, we still enter a demurrer against his conclusion. We do not admit that "the greatest pleasure a man can have arises from the feeling that he has been a success in a creditable occupation." "If money is not the whole thing, I think it is safe to say that it is probably seventy-five per cent of the whole thing"—can this be the ethics of that America whose infancy endured so full a baptism of sacrifice and privation? Let us assert in a very clear tone that with the mere accumulation of money an idealist has simply nothing to do. This doesn't imply that money has no value: because I insist on a little salt in my breakfast-food, it is not to be inferred that a five-pound bag of it is to be upset into the oatmeal-boiler. If it be true that the law of business success in Chicago demands a surrender to worldliness, all the more is it forever our plainest duty to challenge, defy, and insult that law. The "hard-fisted battle" which we are invited to enter neither satisfies our taste nor enjoys our respect. As Romain Rolland says in his monograph on Beethoven: "I do not call heroes those who have triumphed by thought or force; I call heroes those who were great by their heart." Not for all the spoils of that clangorous field will we part with the sense of finer values, that delicacy, tact, and refinement which belong to the education of a gentleman:

Adde quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

There is indeed, thank Heaven, "something better than mechanical pursuits and the ordinary drudgery of life." If these matters be lightly esteemed by the Chicago business world, so much the worse for the world of business in Chicago.

If a leaf of autobiography be permissible, I should like to add that I was fairly started and sufficiently successful in a Chicago business from which every one of my immediate peers among the office-boys of that era (as far as I have kept track of them) has since gained a fortune; no one of them any longer can experience my own romantic thrill of magic novelty in taking a turn in a motor-car, — but I believe that I have always been glad that I turned to making my own living in a less remunerative career, for the simple reason that all other pleasures are not worth its pains. I cannot envy even the augmented resources of my sometime cronies: "He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul." If a humanist has no luxuries, he has, it is to be hoped, the gift to let them go

by, and to address himself blithely to rolling the Sisyphus-stone of daily tasks. There may be, as Mr. Crane's book alleges, some traitors to scholarly asceticism; but every now and then emerges "as a protest and a sign" some Agassiz who has "no time to make money," some Burbank who refuses to be syndicated. And so we have faith that the thirst of the soul for "useless" truth and beauty will never be quenched; some of those in whom Mr. Crane sees only "miserable failures" we shall still salute as the salt of the earth. Some eternal values, higher even than "brains and good character coupled with fair-play and industry," irreproachably excellent as these virtues doubtless are, have been pitifully crowded out in the hap-hazard development of standards in our turbulent American life. The tragic possibility that the heritage of human culture might perish from the earth is by no means inconceivable. To our institutions of higher learning is committed the sacred duty of helping to nourish and keep alive this delicate plant of pure humanism. As far as the college ministers to this, as far as it makes its students free of the society of the idealists, poets, and prophets of mankind, it is valuable beyond all price to our American state; if it fails here, it may well be thrown ruthlessly into humanity's melting-pot.

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

DISRAELI'S EARLIER CAREER.*

With the death of Lord Beaconsfield (April 19, 1881), there passed from the stage of English politics one who was not only an eminent statesman but a masterful political artist as well. Benjamin Disraeli's life, particularly his earlier career, was one of singular variety and seeming contradictions: a statesman and a *littérateur*, an idealist and a political campaigner, a radical and a Tory, a Jew and a Christian, to mention only the more evident antitheses, he still achieved the remarkable feat of shaping a career, which, when closely studied, seems fairly consistent after all. It would seem that such a personality would offer unusual attractions to a biographer, and that such a career would be the object of early and detailed study. Biographies have been written, but they are scarcely more than sketches, — wholly inadequate when we consider the importance of the subject and

*THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Volume I. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the wealth of available materials. For thirty years the world has waited for a truly exhaustive biography of Lord Beaconsfield.

The materials for the personal side of such a study are found in the "Disraeli Papers," a large collection of letters and other private documents which on the death of Lord Beaconsfield continued in the care of his private secretary, Lord Rowton. Seven years ago Lord Rowton died, and the papers passed into the keeping of the trustees of the Beaconsfield estate. According to the publishers' announcement, it was "then decided to have the long-awaited biography done, and Mr. Monypenny of the London 'Times,' a well-known journalist, was selected to do the work, and since then he has been constantly engaged in the task." The first volume has just appeared; and, according to present plans, the work will be completed in three or four volumes.

It is natural to compare this study with the biography of Disraeli's great rival, Mr. Gladstone, which was issued some years ago. Gladstone's life was written by a political friend, — John Morley's work is instinct with liberalism. Similarly, the present biography may be regarded as of Tory origin. The author, Mr. William Flavelle Monypenny, has long been associated with the conservative press; he has also seen service, both journalistic and military, in South Africa, in the very land of the Boers. He may, therefore, be supposed to be in sympathy with the imperialistic ideas of his subject as well as with his conservative attitude toward the British constitution. Perhaps it is not wholly fortuitous that the volume that traces Disraeli's political development toward Toryism and outlines his defence of the traditional constitution, including the House of Lords, should appear on the eve of a political campaign in which the leading issue is the "ending or mending" of that same House of Lords.

In the volume now published, Mr. Monypenny carries the narrative down to 1837, the year that saw Disraeli's first election to Parliament. The period covers thirty-three years of the future prime minister's life, a period of considerable interest and of some romance. The chapters devoted to ancestry, childhood, and youth, early training and influences, and similar matters, are written in the conventional way, and need not detain us. It may be said in passing that the author has found no evidence to support Disraeli's belief that his family was ancient in Spain at the time of the Inquisition and was forced to migrate to Venice, whence it

found its way to England. "What we know for certain is that the grandfather, Benjamin D'Israeli, who 'became an English denizen in 1748,' had his Italian home not in Venice but at Cento in Ferrara." The author concludes that the name and the family may be either of Spanish or of Levantine origin.

In addition to the Disraeli papers, Mr. Monypenny has used letters in the possession of families that were closely associated with the Disraelis. Some use has also been made of a fragmentary diary which does not seem to have been published before. However, as most of the materials are already accessible to students, the value of the biography (at least so far as the first volume is concerned) will lie principally in the author's method and interpretation. Mr. Monypenny has adopted the plan of citing documents very extensively, — so extensively that some of the chapters are scarcely more than a series of epistolary extracts bound together by brief but illuminating comments. Of eighteen pages devoted to the "Tour in Italy," less than four are of the author's own writing. Disraeli's first successful political campaign is described in sixteen pages, of which all but about two pages is composed of extracts from documents. Other chapters are written on the same plan.

Whether these statements are to be regarded as favorable or unfavorable criticism, will depend on the purpose of the volume. Students of history will welcome a biography of this type, one that permits further study of personality, motives, and circumstances from the documentary sources included with the narrative. On the other hand, the general reader is scarcely well served with a biography of this sort. To him there will always be much in letters and diaries that has little significance. Not knowing the circumstances under which they were written or the times that they reflect, he fails to get the deeper impressions that such extracts are intended to convey, and the reading soon becomes tiresome. It is always desirable that a biographical narrative be flavored with bits of contemporary writing and generously provided with illustrative extracts from the author's sources; but it is a question whether the practice has not been overdone in this particular case.

While the author is sympathetic, he is not effusive: all through the narrative he maintains a strictly judicial attitude and writes with admirable reserve. No attempt is made to slur over such episodes as reflect on Disraeli's good sense and judgment or to suppress information as to embarrassing situations. In this work for the

first time, perhaps, do we get definite impressions of the financial distress in which the future chancellor of the exchequer found himself just before his elevation to Parliament. In 1836 his debts almost prevented his appearance in public; fears of his creditors and the officers of the law seem to have haunted him continuously. Writing to his lawyer concerning his appearance at a political dinner, he remarks:

"I have been requested to move the principal toast, 'The House of Lords.' I trust there is no danger of my being nabbed, as this would be a fatal *contretemps*, inasmuch as, in all probability, I am addressing my future constituents."

But the author also bears testimony to Disraeli's financial integrity; though his embarrassments were numerous and frequent, "nothing that seriously touches his character is to be deduced from the records as they have been preserved."

Travel, literature, and politics were the chief matters of interest to Disraeli during these years. His journeys in the Mediterranean lands and in the Orient are important chiefly as furnishing experiences that later were worked into his novels, though it is likely that the Oriental tour did much to develop in the future statesman the interest that he always showed in Eastern politics. Several of Disraeli's novels date from these years; but the world has long ago passed judgment on his literary efforts, a judgment that the new court has not reversed. Mr. Monypenny finds that so long as the novelist is able to draw on his own experiences, he produces readable, often brilliant, chapters; but when he has to draw on the resources of his imagination, the product becomes what Gladstone once called "trash."

The most satisfactory parts of the work are the sections dealing with Disraeli's frantic efforts to get into Parliament. The author makes it very clear that there was nothing meteoric in Disraeli's later appearance as an influential political leader. During the five years between his first unsuccessful candidacy at Wycombe and his election for Maidstone in 1837, he was regarded by his Tory friends (and they formed an important group) as a coming leader. Much of his time and energy was given to political pamphleteering and editorial writing for such journals as the London "Morning Post" and "The Times." In some of this work he descended to a low literary plane.

"The articles, which have been preserved in a book of cuttings, are in the strain of reckless vituperation which was then the fashion even in responsible journals, with only here and there a flash of wit or a happy phrase to redeem the personalities."

But there can be no doubt that they were widely read. They were important also in that they gave the young writer an opportunity to review and clarify his own political ideas and to build up a theory of practical government that later became the conservative creed.

The most important of these writings is a volume of 200 pages entitled "A Vindication of the English Constitution." In this he develops the old theory that representation is, and should be, not a matter of numbers or territorial areas, but of estates. The Lords represent one estate, the Commons another. "The House of Commons is no more the house of the people than is the House of Lords." The peerage represents the church, the law, the counties and boroughs, the land, "and as the hereditary leaders of the nation, especially of the cultivators of the land, the genuine and permanent population of England, its peasantry."

Much is made of the ancient character of the House of Lords: "Their names, office, and character, and the ennobling achievements of their order must be blended with our history and bound up with our hereditary sentiment." Still, both the peerage and the commonalty must be democratic at the roots: it must be possible for any subject to gain legal admittance to either estate. And the estates themselves he conceives as "the trustees of the nation, not its masters."

This defence of the peerage was written in 1835 by a young man who three years earlier had sought admittance to Parliament as a radical. There was, however, nothing very startling in Disraeli's early radicalism: it consisted chiefly in a determination to stand apart from the old party organizations.

"His political stock in trade consisted, in fact, of a sincere and ardent patriotism, genuine popular sympathies, a strong and apparently instinctive antipathy to Whiggery, and an hereditary disposition to Toryism derived from his father with an imaginative interest in its romantic aspect that was native to himself."

When he was convinced that only within one of the historic parties could he hope to achieve anything, his choice was quickly made. But he carried with him into the Tory camp his ideas of democracy and moderate reform.

In this apparent passage from one political extreme to the other, his biographer sees nothing strange. He calls attention to the fact that nearly all the greater English statesmen have had ambiguous party records.

"If we are to measure consistency by ideas, Disraeli is the most consistent of them all, and yet more than

any of the others he was to suffer throughout his career from the reputation of political time-server and adventurer acquired in these early and errant years."

Perhaps we have in these lines a clue to the author's treatment of the Beaconsfield policies in the volumes to come. Disraeli's political career, as Mr. Monypenny seems to view it, is an effort to work out and realize in practical measures a system of political ideas developed in his younger days while he was still suspected of radical tendencies.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF POE.*

It is related of the Mormon Bible that when it was discovered it was in the unintelligible letters of an unknown tongue; but that with it was found a pair of iron-bound spectacles, seen through which the strange script translated itself into plain English. Mr. Arthur Ransome, an English critic, is the fortunate possessor of such a magic aid for interpreting the hitherto misunderstood works of Edgar Allan Poe. So, in effect, he tells us in his brief preface, in which he calmly brushes aside all that has yet been done in England or America to make Poe clear to the world. When we consider that among those he thus disposes of are Mr. Andrew Lang, whose essay in the "Letters to Dead Authors" is the classic of Poe criticism; Mr. Gosse, who twenty years ago broached the subject of Poe's supremacy in American literature; Mr. Stedman, who if not altogether sympathetic was always kindly and intelligent in his treatment of Poe; Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Trent, Mr. Peck, Mr. Didier, and many others; it seems a large order for a new critic to try to fill.

As Mr. Ransome is superior to all these writers, he is naturally superior to the author he is dealing with. Criticism is one thing, condescension another. We are inclined to think that Poe would have preferred the foulest calumnies of his enemies to Mr. Ransome's patronizing way of waiving these aside, not because they are in the main untrue, but because they really do n't matter, you know. And we are certain that Poe would have raged like the maddened Ajax at being led forward by the hand, so to speak, and presented to the world, not as a great poet, not as the supreme master of the short story, but as the critic whose wavering thought dimly glimpsed the

light which has since shone forth in Walter Pater, Ernest Dowson, and Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, whoever the latter may be.

About a fourth part of Mr. Ransome's book is taken up with long extracts from Poe's writings. This affords one an agreeable chance to refresh one's memory — though, really, Mr. Ransome's own prose is so good, that, as far as wording goes, it does not need such reinforcement. The meaning of it is another matter. We confess that we do not find any such revelations as Mr. Ransome seems to promise in his preface. Practically all the points he touches upon have been brought out by previous writers. Poe's loneliness of mind, the antagonism between him and his countrymen, his mathematical and metaphysical bent, his mortuary turn of mind (as Mr. Lang terms it), his business ability for others, the comparative inferiority of "The Raven" to some of the other poems, the unique character of four or five of the colloquies and philosophical compositions, — all this, and much else which Mr. Ransome mentions, has been already fully treated.

Mr. Ransome is hardly more than tepid in his praise of the Tales. He considers Poe in this field inferior to Balzac and an imitator of Lytton. To count the noses of an author's readers is a poor way to judge his rank, but influence on other writers is a pretty sure test. Poe has probably had twenty imitators to one that either of the above-named men can boast of. That Poe is supreme in the short story, and that he gained for this kind of art a place with the great forms of literature, is the claim of the true believers.

For Poe's poetry, Mr. Ransome has more respect, though he thinks that many others since have done equally well. The bulk of Poe's verse is not great, but there are fifteen or sixteen pieces of the first rank. Shelley can hardly show more gems of the purest water, and Burns certainly not twice as many. Yet these two are the greatest English lyric poets.

Mr. Ransome comes, in fact, to about the same conclusion that Mr. Brownell reaches. The latter began by asking what American literature would be without Poe, and ended by declaring that Poe did not belong to literature at all. Mr. Ransome trips his way through Poe's works on tiptoe, rather holding his nose by the way; and as he views piece after piece he dismisses it as a failure, a good intention, or a half success. Yet he allows that in Poe there passed through the world something wonderful and

*EDGAR ALLAN POE. A Critical Study. By Arthur Ransome. With portrait. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

unique. This is the very folly of criticism. A man is not a great writer unless he writes something great. The bees know where there is honey, and the swarm of Poe's imitators is plain proof that his work has the secret of immortality.

In reality, Mr. Ransome's sole interest in Poe is in the criticism. He fastens upon Poe's definition of poetry as the rhythmical creation of beauty, and on the many dicta in which Poe proclaims beauty as the end and aim of art. Mr. Ransome finds these opinions in consonance with his own views, and with those of the newest school of art thought; and he hails Poe as an early prophet. We believe that Poe's criticism was false, but that his work transcended his theory. Mr. Ransome praises him for his bad doctrine, and puts aside the saving deed.

It is impossible to give any precise definition of beauty. We all know that when we use this word in common parlance we do not mean power, or grandeur, or sublimity, or awfulness, or horror, or ugliness, or the grotesque and comical. Yet all these things are sensations of the mind; they all enter into the creations of art. Why anyone should want to reduce all these fractions of thought and feeling to a common denominator and call that beauty, is a mystery I have never been able to fathom. The Greeks in their best estate did pretty well in literature, but they were guided by no such idea. Aristotle, the first and greatest literary critic, knows nothing of it. Plato possibly glimpsed such a conception as coming, which may in part explain his hostility to poetry. Come the conception did, but not until Greek life and Greek art lay in ruins together. The great German critics, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, accept no such narrow limitations of literature. They knew the complexity of life, and of art's consequent report of it, and they allowed many elements and aims to poetry.

In the house of art there are many mansions. That of beauty, however attractive, is not the greatest or the most important. Is the Book of Job great poetry? What possible beauty is there in the spectacle of the patriarch, bowed down with misfortunes, covered with sores, sitting on a dunghill exposed to the mosquito-like boring of his comforters? What beauty, in any sane sense of the word, is there even in the tremendous and appalling utterance of the Almighty in answer to Job's cries? Is "King Lear" great poetry? There is beauty in the apparition of Cordelia, and by stretching the

meaning of the word we may possibly make it cover the devotion of Kent and the fortitude of Edgar. But all the rest of the play is a whirlwind of horror and terror and desolation.

Surely the critics who preach the doctrine that beauty is the sole aim and end of art do art and literature the greatest disservice. The world regards them as Alceste regarded Oronte, or as Hotspur did the perfumed courtier who recommended spermaceti for an inward wound. No one has fought longer or more fiercely against the domination of the didactic in literature, the cult of the commonplace, than the present writer. But if it is a question between the rule of these things and the reign of the *Précieuses*, I should not hesitate in my choice. My attitude of mind would be like that of the outspoken lady confronted by the statue in the Vatican: "So that is the Apollo Belvedere, is it? Well, what I say is, give me Ruggles!"

If what our new critics mean by their creed of beauty is merely workmanlike, adequate, and perfect execution, then there may be something said for the doctrine. In ordinary speech we use the word "beauty" loosely. We say that a street-sweeper cleans a crossing, or a laundress does up linen, or a surgeon performs an operation, beautifully. What we mean is that they do their tasks as well as they can be done; that they do them perfectly. The authors of the Book of Job and of "King Lear" also did their tasks perfectly. They gave the ultimate expression to the terrors and profundities with which they deal. But if this is the meaning of the creed, it is only a truism; for unless a work of art is adequately done it had better not be done at all. And there are so many kinds of adequacy that the word "beauty" is the most unfortunate nomenclature that could be applied to them. The prose of Swift or Defoe is just as adequate for the purposes for which it is used as the prose of Shakespeare or Congreve or De Quincey or Pater. Pope has in his verse as brilliant an instrument for what he wants to do as Poe has in his. But Poe certainly would not have called Pope's poetry the rhythmical creation of beauty. Yet in the mind of Mr. Ransome, and critics like him, there hovers an idea other than mere adequacy—the idea of absolute beauty, the something different from power or horror or ugliness, as the aim and end of art.

Mr. Ransome of course approves Poe's dialectic against long poems. The same examples that served me above may answer here. The

Book of Job and "King Lear" are works of considerable dimensions. They are certainly not what Poe meant by a short poem. But just as certainly they are not collections of distinct and separate episodes. Each is unitary. Every word in them goes to build up a great effect, create one tremendous impression. And this impression, whether we read the pieces at a single sitting or not, is overwhelming. The same is true of still longer works like the Iliad or the Divine Comedy. The impression, indeed, of such works stamps itself on whole nations and ages. The Ramayana is four or five times as long as the Iliad, and the Mahabharata three times longer still; yet it may be said of these poems, not that India possesses them, but that they possess India. That the inequalities in a long work are more apparent than those of a short poem, is of course to be expected. But few indeed are the lyrics of the world which are of even and perfect execution throughout. Under the microscope the razor's edge is a saw.

Last of all, Mr. Ransome praises Poe's study of versification. As this is based on the idea of quantity, and as quantity does not exist, or exists only in a weak and limited manner, in English poetry, it is difficult to accept either Poe's text or Mr. Ransome's comment as of much value.

The age of littleness is on us. Among the newest critics, of whom I should say Mr. Ransome must be quite a distinguished talent, there is only the worship of exquisite words, charming cadences, lovely images. It is the *culto estilo* of Marini and Góngora over again. Mr. Ransome re-states what I have seen mentioned in print a number of times as if it were a matter of some importance — the fact that Ernest Dowson's favorite line of poetry was Poe's

"The viol, the violet, and the vine."

It is a pretty line, but that Dowson should select it from all the splendors and ineffable glories of English verse, speaks volumes for the limitations of Dowson's mind. What Poe, who, however he may have erred in theory, reached out in practice to the boldest and most daring designs — to the boundaries of thought and conception, whose aim always was to decorate his construction, not to construct his decoration, — would have said of the attempt made in this book to father upon him the modern school of weakness, can only be conjectured.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

WASTE AND CONSERVATION.*

Youth thinks all things possible; senility finds the light grasshopper a load. Science seeks to be free from illusions and to confront reality. Americans have mis-read the meaning of nature, and have imagined soils to be inexhaustible, mines to be deep as China, forests to be positive obstacles in the way of civilization. As soon as industry was organized, it began to exploit women, girls, and children; to rob the future race for present profit; to squeeze the life out of vigorous immigrants in a single generation, and to cast degenerates and alcoholics into insane asylums or the grave. This was the folly of uninstructed youth, heedless of remote consequences, myopic to all but immediate profits. The habit of waste runs through all conduct; the reckless abuse of coal and timber and soil confuses man's judgment about himself; the spendthrift, while he is scattering his miserly and unscrupulous father's wealth, is squandering his own nerves and blood.

There are numerous indications of the coming of more mature and more scientific and sober consideration of natural resources, things, and men. Some sources of evidence are suggested in the volume entitled "The Conservation of Natural Resources in the United States," by the President of Wisconsin University, who is a distinguished representative of science, and a man of vision and of patriotism. One can follow such a guide with confidence; his warnings are clothed in exact statistical form; his counsels are all the more likely to be heeded because they are deliberate and expert, and point out at each step the best known methods of recovering losses and avoiding future waste. He does not scold or declaim; he teaches convincingly.

Thus to conserve our limited supply of coal, which, once used, is gone forever, the author recommends not only better technical methods of mining, but legislation regulating the forms of leases and the basis of royalties. If the prices are exorbitant, Congress has power to regulate them; the people are defenceless only while they remain ignorant and supine.

*THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES IN THE UNITED STATES. By Charles Richard Van Hise. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE FIGHT FOR CONSERVATION. By Gifford Pinchot. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE CONSERVATION OF WATER. By John L. Mathews. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Monopolies are powerful, but government is supreme; a reasonable profit is necessary to encourage production, while robbery of the people can be prevented.

When the disastrous consequences of forest fires are portrayed, the reader is not left in gloom. He is told that under government ownership mountain-sides may be made to return profits on planted trees; that a forest patrol saves vastly more than it costs; that waste branches can be utilized for firewood, pulp, and chemical products; that a gradual change in the tax law would remove the motive of forest owners to destroy the timber at once and leave the permanent property for their own families. After demonstrating to the prosperous farmer that he is robbing his heirs by impoverishing the soil, he is taught how erosion may be diminished by a curved furrow; how nitrogen can be extracted from the air and transformed into plant-food; how potassium may be procured when it is lacking; and how phosphorous is lost and won. Then, when, with ample and exact learning, the author has pointed out the blunders of waste and the methods of wise economy, he passes to the interpretation of ultimate values. Conservation reduces the expenditure of human energy, itself strictly limited in amount, upon mere subsistence, and thus leaves time and power free for intellectual and spiritual activities, satisfactions, and development. A true scheme of conservation includes the application of scientific and preventive medicine to the task of prolonging human life and raising its quality. Narrow and selfish individualism is no longer adequate; egoistic exploitation of many by a few is national bankruptcy. Posterity has claims upon us. The criterion of right, justice, law, is the permanent welfare of the race. A new and larger creed is now formulated by the conservation conferences.

The argument of Mr. Pinchot's volume on "The Fight for Conservation" is political, economical, and patriotic. It asserts that the chief danger to our civilization lies in the attempt of great corporations to monopolize the rapidly vanishing forests, mines, pasture lands, and especially the water-power. It is certainly an earnest and eloquent appeal, and there are many facts which give it plausibility. The conclusion, however, is reached without any elaborate array of facts from the author's own special scientific storehouse, and by a method of which economists rather than physicists are the more competent judges. One would not

turn to this little volume for information about the scientific aspects of conservation of forests and mines, startling as are some of its illustrations of national wastefulness and recklessness.

A very attractive picture of the theory of national and state conservation policies is found in "The Conservation of Water," by Mr. John L. Mathews; but more topics are covered than the title indicates. Beginning with the "water farm," or storage of water near the head waters of streams, we travel on through the processes of swamp drainage, irrigation, the development of power, the revetment of the bank, the purification of rivers, the establishment of navigation, the conservation of the soil. The result promised is a splendid Utopia. The political philosophy is the same as that of the volumes by Dr. Van Hise and Mr. Pinchot, — national and state control of the natural sources of power and fertility in the interest of the nation.

For many years the scientific men employed by the Federal and State governments, by universities and by corporations, have been exploring and measuring the resources of the country — mines, forests, water, soil. For years their discoveries were hidden in museums and offices; their words of warning were apparently unheeded. But the facts were on record. Men of business studied them and turned them to private account; they acquired title and legal claim to use the national wealth as they pleased; and the popular ethical creed offered no hindrance to their policy. If it is a race in which every man is for himself, then who can blame the swiftest and strongest and most cunning if he grasps the lion's share? But science is not the tool of a clique; it belongs to humanity, and soon or late its service will be offered to all. Since the politicians have found that the conclusions of science are popular war-cries there is danger that the careful students of nature who first made this movement possible may be ungratefully forgotten and their advice be ignored. The books here called to notice will help to prevent this danger of forgetfulness and neglect of competent guides.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON.

THE LATE Arthur J. Butler is responsible for a volume now published by Mr. Henry Frowde, and entitled "The Forerunners of Dante," being a volume of selections from the Italian poetry of the thirteenth century. Some thirty poets are represented, and a considerable body of notes elucidates the obscurities of the text. There is also a preface of much value.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Reflections
of a hermit-
philosopher.*

More and more perfectly and satisfactorily is Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson finding himself in that rural solitude which he has chosen for his reflective maturity after having, as he says "lived laboriously and hastily for twenty years" in populous towns and among strenuous toilers. "The Silent Isle" (Putnam) contains the latest instalment of those quietly delightful meditations and reminiscences and miscellaneous observations with which for nearly a decade he has been enriching our literature and winning an ever-increasing audience of appreciative listeners. His strength lies in the perfect frankness and simplicity with which he opens his mind and heart to his readers. "Here I stand, I can do no otherwise," he seems to say to them. Planting himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abiding, he is making at least a part of the huge world come round to him, as Emerson declares that it always will to the man having the courage of his convictions. The present volume, Mr. Benson explains in an Introduction, "is an attempt, or rather a hundred attempts, to sketch some of the details of life, seen from a simple plane enough, and with no desire to conform it to a theory, or to find anything very definite in it, or to omit anything because it did not fit in with prejudices or predilections." The quiet mode of life he has chosen for himself in a retired spot which he rather fancifully likens to an island, was not adopted, he declares, in any attempt to shirk his fair share of the natural human burden; but feeling that he had borne an unprofitable load long enough, and that it was high time to let down the pack and untie it and see what it contained, he discovered that its contents were mostly designed, like the furniture of the White Knight's horse in "Through the Looking-Glass," to provide against unlikely contingencies. And so he concluded that he might live life, of the brevity and frailty of which he had become suddenly aware, on simpler and more rational lines. How he has been doing this and hopes still to do it, the subsequent pages of the book very entertainingly set forth. Apposite anecdote and illustration, passing reminiscence and pertinent reflection, with here and there a touch of quiet humor or gentle sarcasm, enrich and adorn the pages and beguile the reader from chapter to chapter until, all too soon, the end is reached. But it is a book that one can turn back and read over again with little or no decrease of zest.

*Studies in the
Psychology
of Religion.*

The psychological study of the expressions of the religious impulse bids fair to become an American specialty. The "Varieties of Religious Experience" of our master psychologist, James, brought its recognition to scholarly and popular attention abroad and at home. The emphasis of variety and the contrast of experience drew attention from trees to

forest. The vigor, tolerance, independence and unconvention of American and Americanized expressions of religion furnished the abundant material and the panoramic outlook. Starbuck, Coe, Pratt, King, and others, have contributed specifically, and other psychologists—such as Stanley Hall, Dewey, Royce—generically, to the consummation of the American position. To these is now added "The Psychology of Religious Experience" (Houghton), by Professor E. S. Ames of Chicago. The work forms a notable addition to the literature and to the statement of the position. It may be recommended as an inviting and satisfying approach to the general field. The volume is distinctive in its combination of an anthropological survey—the clues afforded by custom, magic, spirits, sacrifice, myth—with a survey of the developmental sequences in the individual,—the religion of childhood, adolescence, and the normal adult reactions; and an analysis of the vicissitudes of religious experiences in their social and historical settings. The dominant conception is that of religion as a sense of intimate social obligation, an enlargement of the outlook and activities, and an enhancement of life's values through sacrifice in favor of non-personal though not depersonalized ends. Whether the direction of attitude, contemplation, fervor, service, restraint, is of one kind or another,—whether enforced and directed by one set of conditions or another, whether drawn from its orbit by the emphasis of events or distorted by anomaly, fanaticism, or dogma, to unusual contours,—the essential conformity of the varied expressions to the satisfactions of fundamentally analogous needs persists. It emerges plainly, in so far as we look away from the exaggerations and irrelevancies of sect and schism and heresy, or construe their more legitimate expression as but differentiations of conventionalized social appeal to different classes or temperaments, and avoid the confusion of pietistic and unquestioning conformity to desiccated ritual with significant religious impressibility. "Getting religion" proves to be so differently significant from maturing religiously. In the end, and conspicuous in the immediate horizon, such forces as democracy and science, and the illumination of cultural sensibility and humane tolerance, determine and measure religious attitudes; and the normal exemplar of future society will be more wholly and consistently religious, when the channels of his religious expressions shall be adjusted more nearly than the present traditional stage makes possible, to the consummation to be effected by the radical alteration of the social and industrial life. The transient inconsistencies of preaching and practice are inevitably misleading. The wider and deeper survey of the religious life directs the view to essentials, and clarifies the perspective of interpretation. Professor Ames's volume is a stimulating and reassuring aid to the performance of this service for the sympathetic and progressive idealist.

The diary of a daughter of the Confederacy.

The romance of adventure, the joy of young love, the sweetness of friendship, and the horror of war are all depicted in the pages of an absorbing little book that can be read through, without haste, in a sitting, — "The Diary of a Refugee" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). Mrs. Frances Fearn, editor of this vivid chronicle of stirring events (which she has also dramatized under the title, "Let us Have Peace"), explains in an Introduction that the Diary is of her mother's writing and is only now made public in response to an appeal from a historical society for the bringing to light of any material bearing on the Civil War. The writer was the wife of a Louisiana planter who with his family was driven by the advance of the Federal forces in 1862 to take refuge first in Texas, then in Havana, and soon afterward in Europe. The history of hardships endured, and of the loss of loved ones in the war, is relieved by incidents of a romantic or chivalrous or amorous description, in which a beautiful daughter Clarice is the heroine. A near view of life in Paris under the Empire is also afforded, and we read how the fair Clarice attracted such attention from the Emperor that her mother felt it necessary to carry her off to London until the imperial ardor should cool. General Grant, a kinsman of the family, is made to appear in an attractive light and to show the family characteristic, kindness. Lincoln too is introduced, on the occasion of his assassination, and that tragedy is frankly admitted to be "the greatest misfortune" and "more disastrous in its effects upon the South than anything that could have happened." Mrs. Fearn has well performed her editorial duties (even though at the outset she makes "data" a singular noun), filling in sundry gaps in this old journal and making it into a book well worth reading and of real historic value. A few family and other portraits are given, as also several drawings by Miss Rosalie Urquhart. Admiral Dewey, in a commendatory letter printed in the Introduction, acts as sponsor to the book.

A journalistic treatment of Universities.

Mr. Edwin E. Slosson's book on "Great American Universities" (Macmillan) must not be taken too seriously. When the several articles appeared in "The Independent," they attracted local and general interest, of the kind that makes for publicity. In a book of 500 pages, with appropriate introduction and conclusion, the result invites other and more critical standards than attend its reception by casual readers. Doubtless universities must be content to be subjects for (or invite) journalistic treatment; and Mr. Slosson's review of fourteen of the large universities embodies considerable information in regard to them, statistical, critical, biographical, administrative, and miscellaneous. Nor can it be urged that the space is devoted to externals only; they figure unduly but naturally. Yet an earnest attempt is made to set forth inner tendencies, and reflect local color and college spirit. The articles

made good journalism, — and, indeed, a high order of journalism, as such things go. As educational criticism, to which the volume pretends, it will perform some service and perhaps as much disservice. It will help many to get a far better idea of the universities described than they could or would otherwise secure; and it will prevent some from getting a true conception of the real American university, and debar them hopelessly from a like understanding of the ideal one. A university is a complicated machine; but when you describe it as such, particularly to the non-mechanical, you create an illusive impression that they understand it; and you have distracted attention from the far more important fact that a university is something other than a complicated machine. To this distorted perspective, Mr. Slosson's straining for journalistic effect adds a needless touch of burlesque. It varies from good-humored banter to very bad taste. It affords illumination; but it suggests the glare of the footlights, not of the lamp of learning. It is hoped that the public seriously interested in universities will not take the volume for more than a sheaf of impressions. This should be done in fairness to Mr. Slosson and to the universities. One may have misgivings concerning the discernment of the general reader. If so, one may find consolation in the reflection that it shows well for American universities, that even the skilful photographer does not find on his films the features worthy of record. These are reserved for the artist-painter.

An American's impressions of Berlin.

The minister of the American Church in Berlin has many unusual opportunities to see both the public and the private life of the Kaiser's Capital at first hand, and could hardly fail to make an interesting book of his record of a twelve years' residence. Dr. Dickie is almost as inveterate a story-teller as Dr. Depew; and by dint of telling not only his own experiences but the stories that have been told to him, and stories that he has elsewhere heard of those whom he has casually met, he has brought together an interesting collection. Add to these some really first-hand observations regarding the conditions of living abroad — as, for instance, the opportunities and the dangers of unattended girls — and we have the best features of the book. The chapters on Stoecker, Harnack, Pfeleiderer, Curtius, Hermann Grimm, Rahel and Henriette Herz, are of very unequal value, on the whole promising more than they yield, and sometimes strangely empty or wandering. The last two, of course, can be little else than translation, and the translation is sometimes lame. The good clergyman's breathless reverence for royalties, who are never introduced without two or more capitals, is almost unpleasant when in the presence of the imperial family. The Emperor's eye "beams and glows and glistens as no other eye can into which I have been permitted to look." The Empress is "that noblest of all women." And neither of them appears but Dr. Dickie comes to "attention" with his hat off. But one can forgive this when he knows

that the Emperor has been very nice to Dr. Dickie, even permitting him to copy into the book one of his own sermons, and, still more gracious, one of his prayers. And with all his projecting personality, one cannot deny geniality and some charm to the author. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The life of the 'longshore fisherman.

The small fisherman of the English coast (the South Devon coast, apparently) is painted to the life in Mr. Stephen Reynolds's "Alongshore: Where Man and the Sea Face One Another" (Macmillan). It is a book to be read and pondered by those of whom the Devonshire fishermen scornfully say, with not a little truth, "The likes o' they can't tell what the likes o' us got to contend wi,' nor never won't." Mr. Reynolds, by taking a hand in the work of these toilers of the sea and by sharing their hardships, has fitted himself to write understandingly of them, and he has the artistic temperament necessary to impart something of ideal beauty to the hard realities of 'longshore fishing, where a shifting beach, scanty resources and other adverse conditions combine to make life a very serious matter to the diminishing remnant of a hardy and once numerous class. The organization of industry and the spread of modern commercial methods have dealt unkindly with the small fisherman, whose total extinction is feared and deprecated by Mr. Reynolds. Valuable suggestions for the improvement of his lot are made by the author, especially in an appended article reprinted from the London "Daily News" and entitled "Small Holdings on the Sea." A small and inexpensive motor boat, of ingenious construction and of tested serviceability in 'longshore fishing, where all boats have to be beached every night, is described as offering "some chance, at all events, of arresting the otherwise almost hopeless and wholly deplorable decline in small fishing." Character sketches, amusing or otherwise interesting incidents, fishermen's yarns, abundance of snappy dialogue in quaint but easily intelligible dialect, with other pleasing features, including half-tone reproductions of photographs (rather misleadingly described on the title-page as "illustrations by Melville Mackay"), contribute to the attractiveness of the book.

Sketches of men and manners in old Virginia.

Few Northerners, and probably also few Southerners, are now familiar with the humorous writings of Dr. George W. Bagby, a Virginia physician who early adopted the profession of letters, and, as journalist and lecturer, never tired of voicing the praises of the Old Dominion, chiefly in the form of realistic sketches of characters and scenes dear to his heart. Some of the best of these abundant and swiftly-written pieces have been collected and provided with an introduction by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, and appear in a volume entitled "The Old Virginia Gentleman, and Other Sketches" (Scribner). A portrait of Dr. Bagby, with a sketch of his life by Mr. Edward S. Gregory, is fittingly provided. Both Mr.

Page and Mr. Gregory are enthusiastic in their praise of Dr. Bagby's genius. "Next to Poe," declares the former, "the most original of all Virginia writers was he whose reputation in his lifetime rested mainly on humorous sketches of a mildly satirical and exceedingly original type, but who was master of a pathos rarely excelled by any author and rarely equalled by any American author. Like Poe, his work was known among his contemporaries merely by a small coterie of friends. But these adored him." "The very Dickens and Shakespeare of the Virginia negro" he is further styled by his biographer. He is certainly possessed of humor and pathos, of an admirable facility in the use of epithet, and a rich fancy in dressing out the reproduced characters of his well-stored memory; while his easy colloquialism of style is suited to the tastes of the great mass of readers. Those who never tire of recalling the greatness and the glory of old-time Virginia will not soon tire of Dr. Bagby's graphic pages.

Glimpses of six Presidents and their families.

While every right-minded person feels only disgust at the impertinent curiosity regarding persons that is fed by the current newspapers, we are all curious as to the personal character and home life of our presidents. This proper curiosity or interest is ministered to by the reminiscences of Colonel William H. Crook, who has for forty years served in the executive department of the White House. "Through Five Administrations" (Harper) shows the personal side of Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur, with glimpses into their family life and the personality of their wives. Mr. Crook was made body-guard of President Lincoln three months before his assassination, and attended him everywhere. The account of this association is interesting, but no new traits or characteristics are presented. Mrs. Lincoln, however, is set before us in a much more favorable light than by many writers of her time. President Johnson won the respect and affection of his office force; Mr. Crook's account tallies with that of Secretary Welles in that respect, and the two stories of the struggle with the radicals and of the impeachment proceedings are much the same in tone. The author loved General Grant, and labors hard to free him from every suspicion of unworthy favoritism; but he is less convincing here than in any other part of the book. The reminiscences are exceedingly interesting, and are valuable as side-lights on the history of the time.

A ponderous biography of a great personality.

Mr. Walter G. Shotwell's new life of Charles Sumner (Crowell) has the merit of being a serious attempt to retell the story of the quarter-century that saw the Civil War come on and the tremendously important events that followed that war, all gathered about Sumner as the central figure. In those years of excitement and passion, Sumner was one of the greatest figures; and it is important that he should be more than a name to us of these later times and

quieter days. The work shows an earnest purpose, and contains much that is valuable; yet its defects are obvious. It contains more than seven hundred large and closely printed pages that are trying to the eyes of the reader; and it is overloaded with detail, making the reading a matter of time and effort. The author's style is not attractive, and he has introduced moralizings and many matters but loosely connected with Sumner's life and work. The treatment is from what may be called the traditional New England point of view; no trace appears of the new light shed on the characters and events by recent material. For example, it is the old Stanton and the old Andrew Johnson that we see in these pages, as well as the old motives and the old judgments with which contemporary writings were filled. The Sumner here portrayed is a demigod; the author sees no failings in him. In spite of these drawbacks, the book is interesting, for no careful narrative of these years of storm and stress can lack interest, and the great personality of Charles Sumner will always command attention.

For the student of Shakespeare.

For the student who is not especially concerned with the discussion as to the meaning of Shakespeare's words, but wishes to know the meaning in as direct and simple a manner as possible, Mr. R. J. Cunliffe's "New Shakespearean Dictionary" (Scribner) will be a very useful handbook. It is much less bulky than Schmidt, even less so than Littleton's Dyce; and yet it gives all that the student needs to know about the words whose meanings are unfamiliar to him. Thus, to take an illustrative example, "Lebanon" is disposed of thus: "Identified variously, and quite uncertainly, with ebony (which does not appear to be poisonous), henbane, and yew." Then follows the quotation from "Hamlet." Littleton discusses the various interpretations to the extent of half a page, and does not enlighten the general reader to any greater extent. The work aims to treat all words which are not part of the modern language; this is done by means of succinct definitions and illustrative quotations, limited in the case of frequent occurrence to three or four. The author has been able to make use of the splendid work of the New English Dictionary, and thus to put within easy reach the results of its exact scholarship.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A "Historical French Reader," by M. Félix Weill, is published by the American Book Co., who also send us "Easy Standard French," edited by Dr. Victor E. François, and a volume of tales by modern German writers, "Ernstes und Heiteres," edited by Fraulein Josepha Schrakamp. These three little books all have notes and vocabularies.

"A Guide to Reading in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects" is a bibliography published by Harvard University, and compiled by a group of twenty-three

instructors in that institution. It is a work of the highest authority, and its contents are so classified as to make it a reference work of great value. There are upwards of fifty special topics, each of which has been undertaken by a specialist in the field of its own peculiar literature.

A group of recent "Oxford" reprints, published by Mr. Henry Frowde, includes the following: "Traherne's Poems of Felicity," edited by Mr. H. I. Bell; "Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian Manuscripts," edited by Mr. A. H. Koszal; Tennyson's "The Princess," edited by Mr. Henry Allsopp; and "Tennyson: Fifty Poems, 1830-1864," edited by Mr. J. H. Lobban.

In "The Poems of Eugene Field" (Scribner) the publishers have for the first time brought together in a single volume the entire verse output of that prolific and popular writer. No less than thirteen scattered and previously copyrighted volumes have been drawn upon for the purpose of bringing all these pieces within a single pair of covers. There are over five hundred pages of text.

Students of Dryden have now their choice between two carefully-edited and scholarly editions of his poems. Of the "Cambridge" text, edited by Dr. George Noyes, we spoke some weeks ago, and we now mention the appearance of an "Oxford" text, edited by Mr. John Sargeant, and published by Mr. Henry Frowde. It is a volume of six hundred two-columned pages, with a brief introduction, and only a few notes.

Professor George R. Noyes has edited, and Messrs. Scott, Foresman & Co. have published, a volume of the "Selected Dramas of John Dryden," to which is added Buckingham's "The Rehearsal." The Dryden plays included are "The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards," "Marriage à la Mode," "All for Love," and "The Spanish Friar." An extensive critical apparatus is provided, including voluminous notes.

Mr. Henry S. Pancost's "Introduction to English Literature" has long been esteemed as one of the best of our elementary text-books. It is now followed by a somewhat simple manual, designed for younger students, and entitled "A First Book in English Literature." In the preparation of this work, which is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., the author has had the assistance of Mr. Percy Van Dyke Shelly.

"Plutarch's Cimon and Pericles," newly translated by Professor Bernadotte Perrin, and supplied with an extensive critical apparatus, is published by Messrs. Scribner's Sons. The volume is a successor to the similarly-planned "Themistocles and Aristides" of nine years ago, and is to be followed by a "Nicias and Alcibiades," thus presenting the Greek history of the fifth century B. C. as illustrated by six of its foremost personalities.

Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe,—they make a tempting trio to read about, especially when we are permitted to view them under the philosophical guidance of Professor George Santayana. "Three Philosophical Poets" is the title of the volume, which is published by Harvard University, and is the initial volume of a series of "Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature." We shall look forward with interest to the further volumes of a series so happily begun.

Professor R. D. Salisbury's "Elementary Physiology" (Holt) has been prepared by the method which Freeman used in writing his smallest history of the

Norman Conquest. That is, a very big book was first written (the "Physiography" in the "American Science Series"), then a smaller "Physiography for High Schools," and last of all, the present work, designed to give a student about half as much to do as its immediate predecessor. Such a method is pretty sure to produce a good text-book, and there is no better of its scope, and for its purpose, than the one now briefly described.

The American Unitarian Association has undertaken the publication, in a uniform series, of the popular writings of President David Starr Jordan upon social and ethical themes. There are now eleven small volumes in the series, the latest issues being "Ulrich von Hutten" and "The Call of the Nation." Dr. Jordan is a virile and impressive writer, and what he has to say, either on the lecture platform or in the present printed form, makes strongly for righteousness.

"A Dictionary of the Characters in the Waverley Novels of Sir Walter Scott" (Dutton), by Mr. M. F. A. Husband, is a work of reference prepared "for the humanist who sees in Scott a noble nature worthy of closer acquaintance." The world of Scott's creation (in the novels alone) includes no less than 2836 characters (seventy of them being horses and dogs), and all of these are here indexed and briefly described. A companion volume is "A Thackeray Dictionary," compiled by Messrs. Isadore Gilbert Mudge and M. Earl Sears. The number of entries is not specified, but it seems to be about equal to the number in the Scott volume.

A German text of unusual interest and importance is provided by Professor William Guild Howard in a volume of selections entitled "Laokoon" (Holt). The text includes the "Laokoon" itself, of course, together with Lessing's "Entwürfe zum Laokoon," and besides these Goethe's essay on the subject and Herder's "Erstes Kritisches Waldchen." The editorial matter is very extensive, including ten essays upon special themes, and an elaborate commentary and bibliography. From the same publishers we have other German texts as follows: Ludwig's "Der Erbfürster," edited by D. Morton C. Stewart; Gutzkow's "Uriel Acosta," edited by Professors S. W. Cutting and A. C. von Noë; Storm's "Auf der Universität," edited by Mr. Robert N. Corwin; and Herr Ludwig Fulda's "Der Dummkopf," edited by Professor William Kilborne Stewart.

Part V., Section 3, of Mr. Dana's "Modern American Library Economy as Illustrated by the Newark, N. J., Free Public Library" (Elm Tree Press, Newark) is devoted to "The Picture Collection" and is from Mr. Dana's own pen. As usual, there are diagrams and half-tone illustrations to make the text as clear as possible. The selection, mounting, filing, exhibiting, and lending of the Newark collection of pictures, numbering now about one hundred thousand, are lucidly described. A subsequent Part (XI.) of the work will take up the art department proper, with its thousand or more bound volumes and its large collection of engravings, lithographs, and other prints. One concluding remark: Noticeable in our library literature is the increasing use of "she" and "her" as the pronoun of common gender. For instance, Mr. Dana writes: "The person in charge is always ready to give assistance to any one who seems to have difficulty in locating the material she wants." Why not "the desired material"? or even "the material he wants"? Are library-users, like church-goers, becoming confined to the weaker sex?

NOTES.

A new Supplement to the "Dictionary of National Biography" is now in preparation. It will deal exclusively with persons who have died since the death of Queen Victoria on January 22, 1901, up to the end of 1910, and will be prepared under the editorship of Mr. Sidney Lee.

With the appearance of the "Political Science Quarterly" for December, 1910, this scholarly and authoritative review completes its twenty-fifth year of existence. The one hundredth number, like the first, appears under the managing editorship of Professor Munroe Smith, of Columbia University.

"What Diantha Did," a novel by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, will be issued immediately by the Charlton Co., of New York. This is Mrs. Gilman's first novel, and in it she will show the practical working-out of the theories regarding the solution of the house-keeping problem which she has already made familiar to the public through her previous books, "Women and Economics" and "The Home."

Mr. Burton E. Stevenson is arranging for Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. a collection of English and American verse, in which, while standard poems will be prominent, unusual emphasis will be laid upon the work of contemporary American writers and upon the lighter forms of verse. Mr. Stevenson is especially desirous of preserving in authentic form the many fugitive poems which everyone admires, but no one can find when he wants them, and will welcome any suggestions as to possible inclusions.

The Summer School of Harvard University announces an interesting innovation in the teaching of Fine Arts, — namely, a course on Turner and the landscape painting of his time to be given in London next summer by Professor Pope. The course will begin on July 5, and end on August 15, and will be open to women as well as men. It will be conducted by means of lectures, conferences, visits to galleries, and reports. The chief aim will be a study of the works of Turner in the galleries in and near London, together with a study of his environment and development, in order to learn as much as possible of the mental processes involved in the production of great imaginative works of art. Persons intending to take this course must enroll before June 1, 1911. Further information may be obtained by addressing the instructor, Professor Arthur Pope, 6 Buckingham Place, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have undertaken, on the completion of the "Cambridge Modern History," to publish a comprehensive history of medieval times, drawn up on similar lines. The work will appear in eight volumes, and will cover the period from Constantine to the close of the Middle Ages. The principles which have guided the conception of this work are those laid down by the late Lord Acton for the "Cambridge Modern History," though experience has suggested some improvements of detail in the mode of carrying these principles out. The scheme for the work was laid down by Mr. J. B. Bury, Lord Acton's successor as Regius Professor of Modern History. The editorship has been entrusted to the Rev. H. M. Gwatkin, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge, and the Rev. J. P. Whitney, of King's College, Cambridge, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, London. The

work is intended to cover the entire field of European medieval history and in every chapter to sum up recent research upon the subject. Foreign specialists as well as English have given their assistance; America, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, and Hungary are represented in the list of contributors. The first volume, which deals with the period of the Fall of the Roman Empire in the West, will be ready about Easter 1911, and will be followed, it is hoped, by two volumes in each year. The volumes will be published in chronological order. A full bibliography is added to every chapter, and, where necessary, footnotes to the text are admitted. A portfolio of illustrative maps, specially prepared for the present work, will be published with each volume.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1911.

Agricultural Education in France. A. F. Sanborn. *World To-day*.
 America, Industrial, Ten Years of. C. M. Keys. *World's Work*.
 American Naval Expenditure. A. G. McClellan. *Atlantic*.
 American Poets, Three. Richard Le Gallienne. *Forum*.
 American, The First. Beverley Buchanan. *World To-day*.
 American Trees, Foreign-Born. Mabel Smith. *Rev. of Revs*.
 Arctic Prairies, The—III. Ernest Thompson Seton. *Scribner*.
 Automobile, The, in Fire Service. H. T. Wade. *Rev. of Revs*.
 Balloon "America II." Flight of. Augustus Post. *Century*.
 Battleship, The New. Alfred T. Mahan. *World's Work*.
 Brown, John, after Fifty Years. W. D. Howells. *No. American*.
 Child, A Crusade for the. Olivia H. Dunbar. *No. American*.
 China, American Trade with. Frederick McCormick. *Century*.
 Congressman, Troubles of the. W. D. Eakin. *Lippincott*.
 Corporations, The Tribute of the. A. J. Nock. *American*.
 Country Youth, The, in the City. E. A. Halsey. *World To-day*.
 Disease, Conquest of. Woods Hutchinson. *World's Work*.
 Divorce, The Problem of. Rheta Childé Dorr. *Forum*.
 Drama, The, and the Play. Arthur Colton. *North American*.
 Dunce, The Passing of the. E. J. Swift. *Harper*.
 Efficiency and Tariff Revision. B. Baker. *Review of Reviews*.
 English Bible, Tercentenary of. J. Somerndike. *World To-day*.
 Experiences, My—IV. Booker T. Washington. *World's Work*.
 Farming with Automobiles. G. E. Walsh. *Review of Reviews*.
 Felony, Facts of. Benjamin Coombe. *World To-day*.
 Fruit Industry of Northwest. S. C. Miller. *World To-day*.
 Furs from Far Places. E. Alexander Powell. *Everybody's*.
 Gas-Engine, Children of the. Robert Sloss. *World's Work*.
 Goodness, The Ignominy of. Max Eastman. *Atlantic*.
 Government of Law or of Men? H. H. Lurtan. *No. American*.
 Grand Canyon, The. John Burroughs. *Century*.
 History, A Dramatic Decade of. W. B. Hale. *World's Work*.
 Homer, Winslow. Christian Brinton. *Scribner*.
 Hotel, The Land of the. Mary Heaton Vorse. *Harper*.
 Human Drift, The. Jack London. *Forum*.
 India, On the Way to. Price Collier. *Scribner*.
 Ionic Greek before Homer. George Hemphill. *Harper*.
 Iowa Plant-Breeder, An. L. H. Bailey. *Century*.
 Italians in the United States. Alberto Pecorini. *Forum*.
 Journalist, Training of the. H. W. Horwill. *Atlantic*.
 Lee and Davis. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic*.
 Loeffler, The Music of. Lawrence Gilman. *North American*.
 London Town Planning Conference. A. J. Ihlder. *Rev. of Revs*.
 Luther, Martin, and his Work. A. C. McGiffert. *Century*.
 Methodist Church in Italy. Archbishop Ireland. *No. Amer.*
 Mines, Tragedies of the. Joseph Husband. *Atlantic*.
 Miracles, The Subject of. W. H. Thomson. *Everybody's*.
 Molière's Birthday. Edwina S. Babcock. *Atlantic*.
 Mormons, The—II. Frank J. Cannon. *Everybody's*.
 Napoleon, An Unpublished Talk with. T. B. Richards. *Harper*.
 Norway, Progress in. Daniel L. Hanson. *World To-day*.
 Oklahoma, Ten Years of. B. F. Yoakum. *World's Work*.
 Panama Canal, The. A. G. McClellan. *North American*.
 "Pelléas and Mélisande," Our. Gertrude Maeterlinck. *Century*.
 Panama, Realizing the Dream of. G. F. Authier. *Rev. of Revs*.
 Pension Carnival—IV. William B. Hale. *World's Work*.
 Personalities and Political Forces. A. B. Hart. *No. American*.
 Platinum and Nickel Industries. D. T. Day. *Rev. of Revs*.
 Political Corruption, Cause of. Henry Jones Ford. *Scribner*.
 Politics in 1911. William Allen White. *American*.
 Polygamy, Mormon Revival of. Burton J. Hendrick. *McClure*.
 Population, Ten Years' Growth in. E. Durand. *World's Work*.

Post Office, Stories of the. Catherine Cavanagh. *Bookman*.
 Prison Reform in America. Charles Ware. *World To-day*.
 Railroad Monopoly. J. Moody and G. K. Turner. *McClure*.
 Railroads and the People. E. P. Ripley. *Atlantic*.
 Reconstruction Period, Diary of—XII. Gideon Welles. *Atlantic*.
 Russian Bookseller, Experiences of. Ivan Narodny. *Bookman*.
 Schoolhouse, The Social. Anne Forsythe. *World To-day*.
 Shoguns, Last of the. Frederick Starr. *World To-day*.
 Short Story Famine, The. George J. Nathan. *Bookman*.
 Sierra, My First Summer in the. John Muir. *Atlantic*.
 Socialism and Human Achievement. J. O. Fagan. *Atlantic*.
 Socialistic Tendencies in England. George Bourne. *Forum*.
 Stage Decoration, Some Ideas on. Ellen Terry. *McClure*.
 Stage Management, Neglect of. W. P. Eaton. *American*.
 Style, The Question of. Frederic Taber Cooper. *Bookman*.
 Sweden, The Book Arts of. William Allen. *Bookman*.
 Tariff-Made State, A. Ida M. Tarbell. *American*.
 Tariff, The Lemon in. Samuel Hopkins Adams. *McClure*.
 Tax Reform in California. Carl C. Plehn. *Rev. of Revs*.
 Telegraph and Telephone Men. Allen T. True. *Scribner*.
 Tete Jaune Country, The. Cy Warman. *World To-day*.
 Tolstoy at Sixty. Nadine Heibig. *Bookman*.
 Tolstoy, A Visit to. Jane Addams. *McClure*.
 Unemployment Insurance in Germany. E. Roberts. *Scribner*.
 United States, The, and Canada. P. T. McGrath. *Rev. of Revs*.
 University, The, and American Humour. B. Hooker. *Bookman*.
 Western Art Exhibition, A. J. S. Dickerson. *World To-day*.
 Whistler and Verity. Haldane Macfall. *Forum*.
 Woman Suffrage, Importance of. Max Eastman. *No. Amer.*
 Womanhood, The Purpose of. C. W. Saleeby. *Forum*.
 Women, A Platform for. Rebecca Lose. *Forum*.
 Women of To-morrow—V. William Hard. *Everybody's*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 137 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

The Romance of a Medici Warrior: The True Story of Giovanni Delle Bande Nere. By Christopher Hare. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 343 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.
 The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland. Edited by the Earl of Ichester. Volume III., with photogravure portrait, large 8vo, 437 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4.20 net.
 Morris Ketchum Jesup: A Character Sketch. By William Adams Brown. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, 246 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Famous Imposters. By Bram Stoker. Illustrated, 8vo, 349 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$2. net.
 A Texas Pioneer: Early Staging and Overland Freight-ing Days on the Frontier of Texas and Mexico. By August Santleben; edited by I. D. Affleck. 8vo, 321 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$2. net.
 Secret Memoirs of the Regency: The Minority of Louis XV. By Charles Pinot Duriot; translated by E. Jules Meras. Illustrated, 12mo, 343 pages. "Court Series of French Memoirs." Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.
 Joseph Hayden: The Story of his Life. By Franz von Seeburg; translated by Rev. J. M. Toohy. 12mo, 302 pages. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Marie Press. \$1.25.
 Leon Gordon: An Appreciation. By Abraham Benedict Rhine. With portrait, 12mo, 181 pages. Jewish Publication Society of America.

HISTORY

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by Lord Acton; edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. Volume XII.: The Latest Age. Large 8vo, 1033 pages. Macmillan Co. \$4 net.
 The Japanese Empire and Economic Conditions. By Joseph D'Autremere. Illustrated, large 8vo, 319 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3. net.
 The Jews: A Study of Race and Environment. By Maurice Fishberg. 12mo, 578 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 Hood's Texas Brigade: Its Marches, its Battles, its Achievements. By J. B. Polley. Illustrated, 8vo, 347 pages. Neale Publishing Co.

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Constrained Attitudes. By Frank Moore Colby. 12mo, 249 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20 net.

South African Folk-Tales. By James A. Honey. 12mo, 151 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1. net.

The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce. Volumes II. and III. Each 8vo. Neale Publishing Co. In 10 volumes, \$25. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE

The Works of George Meredith. Memorial Edition. New volumes: *Farina*, General Ople, and *Tale of Chloe*; *The House on the Beach*, *The Gentleman of Fifty*, and *The Sentimentalists*. Each illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

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Oxford Editions of Standard Authors. New volumes: *The Poems of John Dryden*, edited by John Saragaut; *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore*, edited by A. D. Godley. Each 12mo. Oxford University Press.

Red-Letter Days of Samuel Pepys. Edited by Edward Frank Allen; with introduction by Henry B. Wheatley. Illustrated, 12mo, 298 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.25 net.

VERSE AND DRAMA

The Poems of Sophie Jewett. Memorial edition. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 274 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Creditor: A Tragic Comedy. By August Strindberg; translated by Francis J. Ziegler. 8vo, 118 pages. Brown Brothers. \$1. net.

Anti-Matrimony: A Satirical Comedy. By Percy Mackaye. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 160 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25 net.

A Midsummer Memory: An Elegy on the Death of Arthur Upson. By Richard Burton. 12mo, 41 pages. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

Provenca: Poems Selected from Personae, Exultations, and Canzoniere of Ezra Pound. 16mo, 84 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1. net.

Traherne's Poems of Felicity. Edited from the MS. by H. I. Bell. 12mo, 150 pages. Oxford University Press.

The Pioneers: A Poetic Drama in Two Scenes. By James Oppenheim. 16mo, 61 pages. B. W. Huebsch. 50 cts net.

Theft: A Play in Four Acts. By Jack London. 12mo, 272 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Rose of the Wind, and Other Poems. By Anna Hempstead Branch. 12mo, 229 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Cowboy Songs, and Other Frontier Ballads. Edited by John A. Lomax; with introduction by Barrett Wendell. 325 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.

Motherlova: An Act. By August Strindberg; translated by Francis J. Ziegler. 16mo, 41 pages. "Modern Authors' Series." Brown Brothers.

"There is Nothing New": Poema. By Victoria F. C. Percy. 18mo, 78 pages. London: Elkin Mathews. Paper.

Cactus and Pine: Songs of the Southwest. By Shariot M. Hall. 12mo, 204 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.50 net.

Forest and Town: Poems. By Alexander Nicolas De Menil. 16mo, 137 pages. Torch Press. \$1.25 net.

The Lure of Life: Lyrics of the "Zeitgeist." By Oliver Opp-Dyke. 12mo, 128 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

The Garden of Gray Ledge, and Other Poems. By Charlotte Williams Hazlewood. 12mo, 100 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.25 net.

Love and the Year, and Other Poems. By Grace Griswold. 12mo, 97 pages. Duffield & Co. 60 cts. net.

As the Gods Decree: A Novel of the Time of Augustus. By Daniel Henry Morris. 12mo, 362 pages. Broadway Publishing Co.

The Voice of the Ancient. By Cyril Scott. 8vo, 63 pages. London: J. M. Watkins. Paper.
Mother's Love Songs. By Elizabeth Toldridge. 16mo, 52 pages. Richard G. Badger.

FICTION

The Golden Web. By Anthony Partridge. Illustrated, 12mo, 339 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
The Capture of Paul Beck. By McDonnell Bodkin. With frontispiece, 12mo, 311 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
The Story of Gosta Berling. Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Pauline Bancroft Flach. New illustrated edition; 8vo, 472 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$2. net.
The Sowing of Swords; or, The Soul of the 'Sixties. By Hannah Parting; edited by Elizabeth A. Merivether. 12mo, 382 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.
Crow-Step. By Georgia Fraser. With frontispiece, 13mo, 395 pages. Witter & Kintner. \$1.50.
The Gilded Way. By Victor Mapes. 12mo, 326 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.
Step by Step: A Story of the Early Days of Moses Mendelssohn. By Abram S. Isaacs. With portrait, 12mo, 160 pages. Jewish Publication Society of America.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Japan and the Japanese. By Walter Tyndale. Illustrated in color, large 8vo, 317 pages. Macmillan Co. \$5. net.
Farthest West: Life and Travel in the United States. By C. Reginald Enock. Illustrated, 8vo, 324 pages. D. Appleton & Co.
In Africa: Hunting Adventures in the Big Game Country. By John T. McCutcheon. Illustrated, large 8vo, 402 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3. net.
Uganda for a Holiday. By Sir Frederick Treves. Illustrated, large 8vo, 233 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.
An Englishman in Ireland: Impressions of a Journey in a Canoe by River, Lough, and Canal. By R. A. Scott-James. Illustrated, 12mo, 264 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.
Highways and Byways in Cambridgeshire and Ely. By Rev. Edward Conybeare. Illustrated, 12mo, 431 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.
Home Life in Spain. By S. L. Bensusan. Illustrated, 12mo, 317 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.
The Real France. By Laurence Jerrold. 12mo, 288 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
The Land of the White Helmet: Lights and Shadows across Africa. By Edgar Allen Forbes. Illustrated, 8vo, 356 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50 net.
Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast. By S. D. Woods. With portrait, 12mo, 474 pages. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.20 net.
Around the Emerald Isle: A Record of Impressions. By William Charles O'Donnell, Jr. 12mo, 171 pages. Boston: Roxburgh Publishing Co.
The Log of Three across the Sea. By Helen M. Smeeth. 16mo, 212 pages. Chicago: Henneberry Co.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce. New, and revised edition; in 2 volumes, large 8vo. Macmillan Co. \$4. net.
The Conflict of Color: The Threatened Upheaval throughout the World. By B. L. Putnam Weale. Large 8vo, 341 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.
An Olive Branch in Ireland and its History. By William O'Brien. With portrait, large 8vo, 473 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3.25 net.
The Conservation of Water. By John L. Mathews. Illustrated, 8vo, 289 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$2. net.
The Conflict between Individualism and Collectivism in a Democracy: Three Lectures. By Charles W. Elliot. 16mo, 134 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 90 cts. net.
American Playgrounds: Their Construction, Equipment, Maintenance, and Utility. Edited by Everett B. Mero. Illustrated, 8vo, 291 pages. Baker & Taylor Co.

(Continued on next page)

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